THE PRINCESS OF Montferrat, A NOVEL; Containing Her HISTORY And the AMOURS OF THE Count of SALUCES.

LONDON, Printed for R. Bently and M. Magnes, in Russel street in Covent-Garden. 1681.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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PART II.

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PART II.

IT was a great ſatisfaction to the jealous Queen, when ſhe ſaw him return, ſhe had ſent to rifle the Count *de Saluces*'s Gentlemen of the Horſe. She infinitely long'd to know the

News, and retiring into an Alley, ſhe took the Note he brought her, and which was all the prize they had made. The Queen immediately opened it, but ſhe had hardly finiſhed reading it, when the Marqueſs who was not yet diſaccuſtomed from his importunate manner of following her, had like to have ſurprized her, and in the diſorder he ſaw her, fancied that it was ſome affair of conſequence, and that what was wrote to her, diſpleaſed her extreamly, he prayed her, thinking to oblige her, that if it was not ſome Letter of Gallantry, ſhe would impart it to him, ſince ſhe could not at all doubt but that he was much concerned in all that regarded her. It is a Letter of Gallantry, as you ſay, anſwered the Queen, ſo that I believe my ſelf diſpenced from ſhewing it you.

you. You oblige me, Madam, anſwered the Marqueſs. I believe that I oblige you, replyed the Queen, and more perhaps than you can imagine: and one day, continued ſhe, if I am in a humour to ſhew it you; you will find I have reaſon. After what manner ſoever it be, ſaid the Marqueſs, it is true that I ſhould unwillingly ſee the Gallantries that are written to you, Madam, which you will not ſuffer the leaſt word of from me; but I am not the more happy; becauſe I imagine my ſelf leſs in your favour than others are. It would be to no purpoſe you ſhould gueſs, replyed the Queen, you would never divine what it is; and yet it is, as I have told you a Letter of Gallantry; nay, and from a man, whom if you have any eſteem for me you ought to

fear. The Queen took pleaſure in puzzling him, and did but too well ſucceed: for all that ſhe ſaid to him, put him into a trouble and in an uneaſineſs, at which ſhe could not, notwithſtanding all her diſpleaſure, hold from laughing. He would willingly then have had a longer diſcourſe with her, to endeavour to have learnt more: but there was no way to have it in particular, becauſe the Palatine who had already appeared at the other end of the Alley, having joyned them with *Julia* and ſome Lords and Ladies of the Court, the converſation was general. This Prince having given, as well as the Marqueſs, his hand to the Queen to help her to walk, took notice on the ſide he was, that there was a Paper that ſtuck out of her Pocket, & he had a deſire through the

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pure curioſity of a Lover, to know what it was. To take it was not very difficult: they having very few people near them and thoſe that were did not obſerve them; Inſomuch that he took it very cleverly, without either the Queen or any body elſe perceiving it. He immediately grew impatient to read it, and only now ſought for a civil pretext to retire, without giving any ſuſpition of what he had in his hands, when the Count *de Saluces*, whom the Queen was every where to ſeek, as the Marqueſs ſought her, not being to be found, to be of a Play ſhe would make, the Count *Palatine* ſaid, he knew where he was, and that he would fetch him. Thus being at liberty and finding himſelf alone, he would ſee what that Paper was; and found it

to be a Letter, written by a mans hand, and in these terms,

Such a passion as mine, Madam, cannot be addressed but to you, because you only can inspire the like. 'Tis the Princess of *Montferrat*, that I adore, and if I could have believed that the Scarf, which I had on my arm was to have been contrary to my Vows, I would never have accepted it. But thanks to Love, Madam, that obstacle is removed. I have just restored it to her who gave it to me: too fortunate, if there was no other obstacle to my happiness; and that after this little sacrifice I might hope that my passion would not be disagreeable to you.

This was the Letter, that had been taken from *Richard*, and which the Count *de Saluces* wrote to the Princess, upon the answer

anſwer ſhe had made him, and which the Queen in the hurry ſhe was to hide it in her Pocket, at the arrival of the Marqueſs, while ſhe was areading it, had only put it in half. It was too intelligible, to leave any thing for the Count Palatine to divine, who thereby knew all the myſtery of what had paſſed near the *Po*, between the Queen and the Count *de Saluces*, and that his heart was wholly and only *Briſeida*'s. He ought in all appearance to have been very glad, having the ſentiments he had for his new Miſtreſs, to ſee he had no longer a Rival in the perſon of that Prince, but his mind was turned after ſuch a manner, as that all things made it uneaſie, and loving nothing; he was jealous of all that thers loved. Yet the difficulty which he ſaw in the enterprize

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of the Count *de Saluces*, and the little likelyhood there was he ſhould ever ſucceed was ſome comfort to him. But that Letter already ſuppoſed an anſwer, which was a favour, which he himſelf could never have pretended to, from a Princeſs ſo haughty as that of *Montferrat*: and his mind proceeding ſtill farther, he did not at all doubt that ſeveral other Letters had preceded it, and that there had already been an amorous declaration, which without queſtion had not been ill received; and a hundred other imaginations, with which he wracked his mind, without reaſon and to no purpoſe. It muſt be confeſſed that there are Souls very capricious. He reſolved to take order in it, & took upon account of revenge, the injuſt deſign he had to ruin him

him with the Marqueſs, by the means of that Letter. One thing ſurprized him extreamly, and which at once deſtroyed all theſe firſt Ideas, it was how that Letter could come into the Queens hands, for there was no appearance that either the Count *de Saluces* or the Princeſs would impart it to him. This ſurpaſſed his reach, and made him more than once doubt, if it was not a ſuppoſed Letter, and that the Queen, who was, perhaps jealous of the Princeſs by reaſon of *Gaſpard de Saluces* had cauſed it to be expreſly made to breed a quarrel. Thus thoſe ſort of people as are capable of all manner of ill, treat ſuch as are the moſt innocent. They are eaſie to ſuſpect others of the ill things which they themſelves ſhould be capable of. Be it as it will, that

though

thought got the better of all the others. He was not willing to go halfs with the Queen, and to ſerve her in ſhewing that Letter to the Marqueſs; he would only keep it to divert himſelf as he ſhould find occaſion: nay and would have ſhewed it to the Count *de Saluces*, if he could have been thought ſo much his Friend as to have been able to have perſuaded him, that the Queen had a deſign to ruin him, to the end to make a difference between them, but it was what could not be hoped from his part ſince the Count had no reaſon to believe him.

At that time came the News, that the Duke of *Savoy* was but ten or twelve Leagues from *Caſal*, inſomuch that they mounted on Horſe-back, to return the ſooneſt they could for to be there

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in time to receive him; and the Marqueſs having found at his arrival that all was ready, went with the Count *Palatine* and all the Court two Miles to meet him. The Queen found her ſelf ſomething fatigued with hunting and therefore diſpenſed her ſelf from doing the like. The Count *de Saluces*, who was well known and much beloved by that Duke, would not fail to render him that Honour and that Devoir; yet in the diſquiet he was for his Gentleman of the Horſe, believing to have time enough to go to his houſe, while that the Marqueſs gave ſome Orders, he went thither to know if there was no news of him; but found that he had not been ſeen ſince he had followed him to the Chace. He was much ſurprized; and knew not what to think of this delay, unleſs

unleſs he had not been able to procure ſpeaking to the Princeſs, and eaſily judged he could not then be at the Palace ſince all the Court was returned. He feared ſome misfortune had happened to him in the way, or that having ſeen him come a ſecond time to the Palace and being very jealous in that Country, they had ſeized him for ſome reaſon he could not comprehend. In fine, his mind furniſhed him with a thouſand Chimera's, which troubled him, and into which he could not penetrate. All is feared, when one has reaſon to fear all. However he ſtill purſued his way, not to loſe the occaſion of meeting the Duke of *Savoy*, whither he did not at all doubt, but that the Marqueſs was already gone, when that the ſame Foot-man that brought him a Letter in the morning,

morning, gave him this.

What reaſon ſoever One has to be more angry with you than ever, one has a mind to ſee you, and to give you ſuch advice as you ought not to contemn. Come to the Park, for it is at the Fountain of Nymphs you are expected, and your excuſes ſhall be made to the Duke of Savoy. *The ſervice of Ladies is preferrable to all things; which you know too well to fail.*

The Count needed not to think much from whence that Letter came. He was much vexed he could not do as the others: but he was not to ballance, and he muſt have had but little Gallantry, and little Civility, what affairs ſoever he had, to refuſe an aſſignation which came from ſo good a part. In the mean time his heart which he then was uſed to conſult upon all things, ſeem-

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ed to oppoſe it; but after ſuch a manner, that he took it for an ill Omen; and if he had followed his preſſentiments, he would not have gone to the Park: ſo much he feared to do any thing contrary to his deſires. He was forced at length, notwithſtanding all theſe ſecret advertiſements, to do what honour required of him; and as there was mention made in that Letter of ſome advice they had to give him, being full as he was of the affair of *Richard*, who came not, he fancied they might have ſomething to ſay to him upon that, for it muſt needs have been ſome important news, that they hindred him from going to meet the Duke of *Savoy*; and eſpecially the Queen, who was concerned to have all people at his entrance. He very well ſaw that this thought had

no

no ground; but likewiſe there was nothing upon which they could give him advice ſo neceſſary & ſo preſſing. A man, who has but one affair in his head, and which extreamly concerns him, fancies that all the World has nothing elſe to ſpeak to him of. In fine it was this reaſon at leaſt as much as his honour, which engaged him to go ſee, what was deſired of him at the *Fountain of Nymphs.*

The fair Queen of *Sicily* after the too viſible and the too cruel neglect, that *Gaſpard de Saluces* had made of her Scarf, had been but too well confirmed by the Letter ſhe afterwards read, that *Briſeida* was the cauſe of all her misfortunes, ſhe could not digeſt the preference that ungrateful man made of the charms of that Princeſs before hers. He too well explained

explained himſelf in the Letter, to leave her any thing to doubt of in that, that (it is the Princeſs of *Montferrat* I adore) was a deciſive ſentence after which there was no appeal. Any Woman was to have been pitied in ſuch a conjuncture; but for ſo beautiful a Queen, and who had ſuch lovely qualities, it was certainly ſomething very cruel. What! after ſo many goodneſſes ſhe had had for that Prince, to ſee her ſelf payed with contempt, ſhe who had deſpiſed all the Earth: this would have terribly afflicted any heart; and I know not how hers could ſupport it ſo well. She only feigned that ſhe found her ſelf fatigued with hunting, to have time to recover her ſelf from the diſorder her Soul was in; that ſhe might be capable of ſome joy when ſhe ſhould receive

ceive her Brother. Nay ſhe durſt not read over again the Count's Letter, for fear of renewing her grief, & that the ſecond peruſal of a thing ſhe would never have been willing to have known, might not trouble her more than ever. *Julia* who ſaw her in that humour, propoſed to her, in waiting for the arrival of the Duke her Brother to take a turn in the Park to endeavour to divert her ſelf. The Queen had not dared to ſay any thing to her of that Letter, becauſe that that Maid, who was no great favourer of the Intereſts of the Count *de Saluces*, would have had too ſtrong arms againſt her, and would have killed her with reproaches, and not have it pardoned in her; after that Letter, the leaſt ſenſe of eſteem for that Prince, though *Julia* had much

complaiſance

complaiſance and a great deal of reſpect for her, the Queen however feared, ſhe being of a free-humour, to tell immediately what ſhe thought, and the amourous Princeſs having no mind, that truths ſhould then be told her, which were to her, to her misfortune, but too well known. She had taken care to make her a Hiſtory of that Scarf, to endeavour to juſtifie the Count; but *Julia* was not one eaſie to be deceived, eſpecially by the Queen whom ſhe had known ſo long. She was in the right not to be for that Prince; becauſe ſhe foreſaw a part of thoſe troubles her Miſtreſs was to ſuffer by that blind engagement.

They had not made two or three turns in the Walk, when the Queen told her, that ſhe was in ſo melancholy a humour that ſhe

ſhe knew not how ſhe ſhould receive her Brother without making him take notice ſhe was ſad at heart, which would not be pleaſing to him. But what is it, Madam, anſwered *Julia*, that can afflict you to this point? You are in a Court, where from the greateſt to the loweſt, all the world admires and honours you. You are going to ſee a Brother who paſſionately loves you. I know nothing that is contrary to your deſires; Is it not that you your ſelf cauſe your troubles, for I do not ſee you have the leaſt reaſon to have any? How eaſie it is for thee to talk thus, replyed the Queen ſighing, who free from troubles and cares, never kneweſt what it is to---? She ſtopped there. Yes, to Love, ſaid *Julia*, is it not that that torments you? ——— leave me, interrupted ſhe, ſay nothing

thing to me more; but if my repoſe is dear enough to thee, as I do not doubt but it is, ſend immediately for the Count *de Saluces* to whom I have ſomething of importance to ſay, and which I ſhall have no ſooner told him than that all my ill humour will go away: and not to diſguiſe any thing to thee, continued ſhe, ſeeing ſhe ballanced to obey her; I ſhall tell thee, that it is to undeceive him, as I have undeceived my ſelf. My Brother is upon arriving, I ſhould not have time to ſpeak to that Prince this evening, and I ſhould be troubled ſhould he go to ſleep with the ideas I know he has of me. I will explain my ſelf for the laſt time with him; and give him as much eſteem of the reſt of my conduct, as he may have loſt by the little complaiſances, I have

had

had for him. Go, *Julia*, do what I bid thee; and you will ſee me in a better humour than ever. *Julia* declared to her, that ſhe very agreeably obeyed her, ſince it was upon the occaſion ſhe told her; becauſe that in effect, ſhe could do nothing more for her honour, and that ſhe would go write for him. Be aſſured, added the Queen, embracing her tenderly, that Love has not taken ſuch an Empire over me, but that reaſon yet finds its place; let only the Count *de Saluces* come, and a moment after I render my ſelf to thee free from all paſſion and all care. But take notice of one thing, that as I treated him but ill lately at the Chace, you write not to him after a manner, to make him fear, that it is to quarrel with him again, engage him gently to come upon ſome important

portant advice one has to give him.

Whereupon *Julia* went and writ that Letter, and ſent it to the Count, whom it found upon the point of leaving his Lodging to go meet the Duke of *Savoy*. The fair Queen was with *Julia*, near the *Fountain of Nymphs*, which was a place very agreeable and convenient to ſhade one from the heat of the Sun, which however began already to go down. They both waited for the Gentleman with a great deal of impatience; but very differently, for *Julia* hoped that all would be broken off; but ſhe was deceived: The Queen no ſooner ſaw him appear, than that ſhe ſent her to meet him; and ſhe entred, as if ſhe had fled him, into an Arbour that was near the Fountain, I know not, my Lord, ſaid *Julia*

to

to him, what you will think of all this in a Country where the leaſt liberties, that are taken with men paſs for Crimes. Such perſons as you, Madam, anſwered the Count, are above all that one can ſay, and if any one is to be out of countenance it can be only me, for having never merited the honour that you do me. Come, replied ſhe laughing, it ſhall be with the Queen that you ſhall diſpute this, ſhe expects you hard by, to ſpeak with you. The Count went thither and entred trembling into the Arbour, as a Criminal, who goes to preſent himſelf before a Judg, who had reaſon to be irritated againſt his inſenſibility. Well! Count, ſaid the Queen to him, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, do you come again to inſult the too much eſteem one has for you. I come rather, anſwered the

Count, with a great deal of reſpect, to know what you pleaſe to command me. I received a Note, wherein is mentioned, that there is here ſome advice to be given me; and I am juſt told that you deſired to ſpeak with me. That is true, replyed ſhe, and you ſhall judg if I am not much your friend, after the neglect you ſhewed of a Scarf that I —— Ah, for neglect, Madam, interrupted the Count — No, no, interrupted ſhe again, that is not now to be diſputed, I only deſire of you, that you deal with me as a friend, and that you really tell me what paſſes in your heart. I know that you Love: you are not now to conceal it from me as you have done; and according to the confidence you ſhall put in me, I ſhall ſee what I ought to do for you. This diſcourſe,

courſe with the aſſurance the Queen ſpoke it, much ſurprized the Count, who at firſt diſcompoſed, knew not if he ought to truſt her, with that ſecret, or ſtill to diſſemble, for to penetrate farther into the deſign ſhe had, and which made her thus inquire into the News of his Heart. He took a middle way to all this, and confeſſed to her that he was really in Love; that reſpect had hindred him from telling it her the firſt time ſhe had queſtioned him about it: but he did not name to her the perſon he loved, to let her perhaps imagin that it was ſhe her ſelf. The Queen better inſtructed than he thought ſhe was, but little contented with ſuch a confeſſion, was deſirous he ſhould have put more confidence in her. I know, ſaid ſhe to him, more of your affairs than

you imagin. It is not enough to tell me that you love, nay, and that you love the Princeſs, for to tell me any News. You are troubled, continued ſhe, ſeeing that he bluſhed, but you have nothing to fear. Any other Woman than I would have revenged her ſelf on her for what you have done, in regard of my Scarf; but I do not love you enough to do that. In a word, it depends on me to ruin you, or to ſerve you: treat me like a friend and I will do what I ought. Nay, I will go continued ſhe, making him a ſign not to interrupt her, farther than you can deſire of me; for I muſt needs confeſs, that notwithſtanding all your unjuſt proceedures, I have not loſt the eſteem I had for you; I will let the world believe you are in love with me, as they believe already, although they

they have no reaſon. I know, that nothing can be of more Service to you in the Deſign you have, than that fiction; and though it is a part, very unbecoming a perſon of my rank, yet I will paſs by that Scruple: One can never do too much for ones Friends. The Marqueſs, who without doubt would not approve the love you have for his Daughter, will not be jealous, but upon my account; and will be glad to ſee that the Princeſs entertains you ſometimes, to give him time, to be alone with me. In fine, added ſhe, if the offer I make you, is advantagious for you; I know that a Queen cannot have more Complaiſance; but I know not if you will have ſo much Confidence in me, as you ought to have to merit it. I can in this

moment try you in asking you how far you are come with the Princeſs. The Count Charmed with ſo extraordinary a goodneſs, was upon the point of falling upon his knees, to give her due thanks: Yet what ever ſhe could ſay to him, He had no mind to diſcover to her ſo fully the ſentiments of his heart, as ſhe deſired. He did not believe ſo ample an explication was neceſſary; and that exceſs of goodneſs was too ſurprizing, after the juſt indignation ſhe ought to have had againſt him, not to ſuſpect her of ſome diſguiſement. He did not deny, that it was the Princeſs whom he lov'd; but he added, that he ſaw ſo many Oppoſitions in ſo raſh a deſign, that he had hardly dar'd yet to ſpeak of it. How! ſaid the Queen, does not the Princeſs know that you love her

her. I will not ſay, Madam, anſwered the Count, whether ſhe, knows it or no; but it is true, that I never ſpoke to her of it. Take care, Count, replyed ſhe, you do not abuſe my goodneſs. I ſwear to you, Madam, replyed he, that without my Eyes——Your Eyes, replyed the Queen, interrupting him with an air of diſdain, and what is it you writ to her. *Gaſpard de Saluces* was here defeated, and remained without anſwer. You ſee, perſued ſhe, how you begin already, to diſguiſe to me what I know; and how little you merit all the Aſſurances of eſteem and of Friendſhip that I have juſt given you. Well, added ſhe, you muſt be let alone, and abandoned to your Deſtiny, which would be too happy if I helped it, after the manner I would have done: The Count thereupon fearing the

Queens Spirit more than he desired her Succours, caſt himſelf, at her knees, to ſtay her, ſeeing ſhe would have gone away. When *Briſeida*, who came to think, or at leaſt to be in the cool near that Fountain, ſaw the Count in the poſture I have juſt related, and the Queen endeavouring to get from him. What a ſight, juſt Heavens! for that poor Princeſs, who after the Letter, ſhe had received from that Lover, did not believe to ſee him the ſame day at the Feet of another. The Queen Charmed with ſo favourable an Encounter, which could not be interpreted but to her advantage. Come come, Madam, ſaid ſhe to her, after a gay manner, make us Friends; for it is principally for the love of you that I would not pardon him. I am obliged to you,

you, Madam, anſwered the Princeſs, being hard put to it to recover her ſelf; but I ſhould be very unfit for what you deſire of me; and the peace will not be difficult to be made between you, if you are only fallen out upon my account, wherefore I'le retire. The Count who had been extreamly ſurprized to ſee her, and who judged, that in the State ſhe had found him, ſhe could not draw but very mortal Conſequences for his Love, if he did not learn her the Subject, prayed the Queen to ſuffer him to follow the Princeſs, to have a moment of diſcourſe with her; but ſhe wou'd not hear of it, and now ſtopped him. The Count, who ſaw the neceſſity that there was immediately to clear theſe unhappy appearancies, grew almoſt deſperate; and told the Queen, that

if it was true, ſhe had any good will for him, ſhe ought to ſhow it him in this, and permit him——We are no longer in the ſame ſentiments; and you ought to conſider, My Lord, that I have not given you a Rendeſvouz here for the Princeſs. The Count however perſiſting ſtill in his firſt deſign, and not knowing if he ſhould loſe the occaſion, when he ſhould find the Princeſs, who had only *Doriſa* with her then, the reſt of her Train ſtaying in the Flower-Garden; the Count, I ſay, yielding to the mortal fear he had, of the effect ſo fatal a Conjuncture would produce, was going to paſs over all meaſures with the Queen, leſs fearing to diſplea ſe her, than to be ill with the Princeſs. But ſhe who foreſaw the blow, thought to have wherewith to make him

trem-

tremble. One moment more, ſaid ſhe, ſeeking for the Letter, which ſhe believed to have, and afterwards I will leave you at liberty to quit me if you will. The Letter was not to be found in her Pocket. Never was ſuch a ſurprize; ſhe knew not what ſhe had done with it: And not being willing to draw an affair upon her ſelf, ſince that ſhe could not make uſe of it, to revenge her ſelf on him, ſhe thought the beſt way would be to turn it to his advantage; for likewiſe, ſhe judged, that if that Letter was loſt, it would make enough without her concerning her ſelf in it. Do you know, ſaid ſhe to him, the notice I have to give you, and for what I ſent for you, there is one of your Letters which you writ to the Princeſs, which has been ſurprized: I will not tell you how,

Nor

nor the Perſon who has it, but it is ſufficient that I have ſeen it; and you know, if I have reaſon to render you this ſervice, which I have done by informing you of it; but it is no matter, perhaps you will one day acknowledge the indulgences one has for you. Endeavour only to recover your Letter, or at leaſt prevent its falling into the hands of the Marqueſs. The Count extreamly troubled with ſo ill News, fell inſtantly to think who ſhould be the Author of ſuch an attempt. He prayed the Queen if ſhe knew any thing to tell it him, but ſeeing it was to no purpoſe, he asked her leave to go & endeavour to make uſe of the advice ſhe had juſt given him; which ſhe very willingly granted him, turning him by that means from the deſign he had of following the Princeſs,

who

who apparently was ſtill in the Park. She was deſirous to go ſeek her out her ſelf, to have the pleaſure of knowing what ſhe thought of all the Adventure, and to give her ſuch an account of it, as it might ſtill more and more perplex her.

The Count would have been glad to have ſeen the Princeſs, but the danger was more preſſing on the other ſide; and the paſſion he was put into by the treachery that had been done him, making him not himſelf, rendered him uncapable to think of any thing elſe. He run to his Lodging, where he found *Richard* who was but juſt arrived, and who, much afflicted, related to him the ſad Adventure of the Wood, and how that four Horſemen, diſguiſed like Thieves, had ſurprized him, and having ſearch'd

ſearch'd him under pretext of taking from him his Purſe, had took from him the Letter, he was carrying to the Princeſs, who had then ſeen *Gaſpard de Saluces*; with what fury he was animated! never young Lion finding it ſelf wounded in the moſt ſenſible part, foamed ſo with rage as he did. He caſt a thouſand conjectures upon all thoſe who were capable of playing him ſo cruel a trick; but he at length concluded it could only be the Count Palatine, whom he had a thouſand reaſons to diſtruſt, not only as his Rival, but as the only one, proper for ſuch actions, there being not one perſon in all that Court, who had boldneſs enough to undertake ſuch a thing againſt him, not being able to believe that it was the Queen who had given him notice of it, nor that

the

the Marqueſs, whom he had never diſobliged, would have come to that extremity. In fine, it was the Count Palatine ; and without reaſoning more with *Richard* for further information, he went directly to the Palace, where he was told that the Duke was but juſt arrived ; and found the Count Palatine upon the Stairs ; he boarded him, and ſqueezed his hand, which was enough to make him comprehend after the words they had had, that he had ſomething to ſay to him. The Palatine followed him immediately, and when they were out of the Palace, asked him what he would have. Cannot one, replyed the Count *de Saluces*, ſpeak with you alone ? He had then no body with him ; one may without doubt, replyed the Palatine and I expected it.

Thereupon

Thereupon he bid his people wait for him there; and they had not gone the length of the Park on the ſide of the *Po*, than that, finding a place fit for the Combat, they took the meaſures of Honour, whether for Arms or for the advantage of the ground. The Count Palatine immediately quitted the Queens Scarf which he had on his Arm, believing that to be the occaſion of the Count *de Saluces* Challenge; and hanging it on a Tree, there is our Prize, ſaid he, we ſhall quickly ſee who merits it beſt. The Count *de Saluces* did not daign to anſwer him upon that Article, nor to explain himſelf farther in the fury he was. He took his Sword in one hand and his Ponyard in the other, and his Enemy having done the like on his ſide, it is to be believed they were

were not long before they honoured the place with their Blood. What skill and addreſs ſoever there is, when the diſpute is between two brave men who have a good deſign and Love to do their duty, the buſineſs is quickly ended in ſuch a Combat. Count *de Saluces* had already wounded Count Palatine in two or three places, without having received the leaſt touch on his ſide, and having at length made his Sword fall out of his hand, he bid him yield his Ponyard, but ſeeing he was obſtinate not to do it, he caſt away his Sword that he might not fight with advantage, and made uſe of nothing but his Ponyard as well as Count Palatine. The Combat could not laſt much longer with Arms ſo ſhort, and with which few puſhes were made in vain. The

Count

Count *de Saluces* immediately ran in upon his Enemy who being much weaker than he, eſpecially ſince the wounds he had received, was quickly thrown upon the ground. But the misfortune of the Conquerour was that of a ſudden uſing all his ſtrength to force from him the Ponyard, and the other almoſt without reſiſtance, rendring it him, he thruſt it himſelf, in the poſture he was, through his own Thigh, with which he was dangerouſly wounded. However in the fury he was he hardly perceived the hurt, and preſenting his Ponyard upon the Throat of the Count Palatine, whom he had under him, you muſt either, ſaid he, Count, loſe your life, or reſtore me what you have of mine. You are Maſter, anſwered the conquered, and may take it. Take

what ?

what? repled the Count. The Scarfe, anſwered the Palatine, that you —— that is not what I demand of you, interrupted he, it is a Letter which you have got by foul play, and which you muſt either reſtore or die; for thoſe violences are unworthy of a Prince as you are. It is true, anſwered he, that I have a Letter which may be yours; but it was without violence that I took it from the Queen, and without believing it belonged to you; take it, continued he, reſtoring it him, there it is; for my part I would have nothing to do with it, and if it was only that, that you demanded, it is to little purpoſe we have proceeded ſo far, for I ſhould have reſtored it you, upon the leaſt civility you had done me. The Count Palatine ſpoke to him after that manner, perhaps becauſe

cauſe he was at his mercy. Be it as it will, the Count *de Saluces* content with having his Letter, left him, and would have no other advantage over him. He could not comprehend, what he told him, that he had took it from the Queen; and was going to demand a farther explication thereof, when that turning his head to the noiſe which people made, who came behind him, he ſaw the Queen her ſelf with the Princeſs, and one Maid alone in their Train, who was *Doriſa*; all very ſad and much affrighted at the Blood which run from their Wounds.

But for an information of this laſt Adventure, it is convenient I ſhould take the Queen where I left her, who ſeeking the Princeſs, found her raving under ſome Trees, which apparently ſhe entertained

tertained upon the pretended perfidy of the Count *de Saluces*. Their diſcourſe was not very long, becauſe a moment after, they had notice given them of the Dukes arrival, and taking the ſhorteſt way, they went upon a Terraſs Walk, which had a Proſpect of the *Po*; but with what aſtoniſhment were not they ſtruck, when they ſaw from thence the two Princes in Fight! *Briſeida* became pale, and knew not what to do; but the Queen ſomething more bold, although as ſenſible as ſhe, told her, that if ſhe would, they would go part them, becauſe it would not altogether become the Queen to go alone. *Briſeida* taking courage from her love, as much as from the reſolution of the Queen, ventured to follow her. They firſt ſent *Julia* to give notice to the Duke

Duke and the Marqueſs of what paſſed: after which they got out through a little Door, which opened upon the *Po*, and which was uſually unlocked; but all was done when they arrived; and they had no more need of being parted. The Palatine immediatly raiſed pity in them both, to ſee him all covered with Blood ſtretched upon the Earth, with the looks of a dying man. The Count *de Saluces* was ſtanding, having ſtill his Ponyard in his hand, which he put up as ſoon as he ſaw them, ſaluting them after a manner as if nothing ayled him. Yet his wound caſting out blood in great floods, put thoſe two fair Princeſſes in an extream pain. They were only come for his ſake; and the pity they had of the Count Palatine did not ſo much touch them, as their affection

ction for the Count *de Saluces*. The Queen all moved ran immediatly to the Scarf, which ſhe ſaw hanging on a Tree, and would have made uſe of it to have bound his Thigh, for to prevent his loſing all his Blood; but he thanked her, and civilly prayed her to be pleaſed to give it to the Count Palatine, to whom it belonged, and who had more need of it than he. The officious Queen was touch'd to the very heart with this refuſal, but ſtriving with her ſelf, that the Princeſs might not perceive it, ſhe carryed it to the Count Palatine, who received it with as much acknowledgment, as the other had ſhewed indifference. It was in revenge a great delight to *Briſeida*. Between two Rivals the pain of the one is always the joy of the other. This who believed

that

that that Scarf had occaſioned the quarrel of the two Princes, took it kindly that the Count had refuſed it, nay, from the Queens hands, and eſpecially in her preſence, ſhewing thereby that ſince he was Conquerour, he would not make uſe of his advantage. She likewiſe believed, ſhe had a great ſhare in that affair, and eſteemed no leſs the Count, to whom ſhe pardoned for that action, almoſt all the ill, he had made her ſuffer near the *Fountain of Nymphs.* Which ſhe would likewiſe ſhew him; and making uſe of the time that the Queen was gone towards the Count Palatine, gave him her Scarf to make uſe of inſtead of the Queens. The happy Count *de Saluces* tranſported with joy at ſuch a favour, he ſo little expected, would have faln upon his Knees to have expreſſed to her his acknow-

acknowledgment, but his heart failed him, and he remained in a ſwoon in the Princeſſe's Arms, who touch'd with that new accident, had occaſion for *Doriſa*'s help. By ill luck the ſame thing had juſt happened to the Count Palatine, whom the Queen could not quit in that condition; and if ever Princeſſe's were perplexed, one may certainly ſay it was thoſe two; but the Queen much more cruelly than *Briſeida*. Becauſe that this had the pleaſure of rendring officious cares to him ſhe loved, and the other had only the grief to ſee her Lover lying in the Lap of her Rival, and likewiſe *Doriſa* binding on him her Rival's Scarf, after having refuſed hers. What ſenſible blows, for a perſon who let nothing eſcape, and who knew the worth and the force of all that paſſes in Love.

Julia had made all poſſible haſt; and finding at firſt the Marqueſs and the Duke of *Savoy* together, ſhe all in a fright told them that the Princes were fighting behind the Park-Wall which looks upon the *Po*. The Duke was much ſurprized at this news; but the Marqueſs was in deſpair, who, beſides the hatred he had conceived, ſince the concurrence againſt the Count *de Saluces*, looking upon the Palatine, as the moſt advantagious Match for his Daughter, fell to ſay ſuch extraordinary ill things and ſuch threats againſt the firſt, that the Duke of *Savoy*, who, as I have already ſaid, loving him with much affection, could not endure it without replying, that he treated ſomething too ill and cruelly a Prince eſteemed by all well bred people, and of a merit acknowledged

ledged by all the Earth. The Duke ſaid this in the way of a Friend, and without paſſion. Yet the Marqueſs did not take it ſo; although he did not ſhew it; and very unwillingly received a Leſſon that was made him in his own houſe. They ſtill walked on, and advanced towards the place that *Julia* had told them, where they found the two Rivals in the ſtate I related. How jealous ſoever the Marqueſs was, yet not believing the Count Palatine in love with the Queen, he ſaw him without regret in her Arms.; but in what fury was not he againſt his Daughter, to ſee her render the ſame office to the man of the World he hated the moſt, as if that lovely Princeſs ought to have took up his unjuſt ſentiments, nay and which ſhe was ignorant of. He looked up-

on her with an indignation, that it ſeemed ſhe had committed the greateſt of all crimes. The Duke of *Savoy* the moſt gallant and the moſt reaſonable of all men, was not ſo unjuſt: far from leſs eſteeming his Siſter, he commanded her and doubled his teſtimonies of kindneſs. There was only the blood which was ſeen lying all about and which ſo ſtrongly ſtruck the ſight, which hindred the one and the other from making appear all the joy, that in another conjuncture of time, ſuch an interview would have given them.

The Princeſs no ſooner ſaw other perſons take upon them the care of the Count *de Saluces*, than that ſhe retired; and went to her Chamber to take the pleaſure of crying with great torrents of Tears, that ſhe had retained with

with much difficulty. The Count *de Saluces*, in fainting away, had had time to put into her hands the Letter, the Count Palatine had reſtored him. She opened it with an unparallelled fear, not knowing what it contained; but ſhe found that it was the anſwer of what ſhe had ſent him word by his Gentleman of the Horſe. She read it a hundred times, and ſo watered it with her tears, that at length the writing was almoſt defaced. Yet when ſhe came to make reflection, upon what had paſſed near that unlucky Fountain, there wanted little that ſhe did not reproach her ſelf with her tears, her tenderneſs, and the pity ſhe had had for a perfidious man; for ſhe found no reaſon that could excuſe him. His treaſon ſpoke, and the Queen had appeared to her ſo contented

in that time, that it was not poſſible, as ſhe thought, but that ſhe triumphed over her. But why renewed ſhe a moment after by reflections more favourable for her, ſhould he refuſe her Scarf which ſhe preſented him with ſo good a grace, and in a time he had the moſt occaſion for it? And why ſend it to the Count Palatine, and accept mine with ſo much joy before her? Ah Heavens! Cryed ſhe thereupon, cauſe me to be miſtaken, and then there may be ſome myſtery in what I have ſeen that I do not comprehend. She had no mind to have reaſon to be angry with him, and the ſad condition, in which ſhe had ſeen him, was much ſtronger than all her reſentment.

The Marqueſs gave order to his people to carry the Count Palatine to the Palace, and the Duke

Duke of *Savoy* being desirous to render the same office to the Count *de Saluces*, commanded his to carry him unto the Apartment which was prepared him, which was in the Old Palace. All the Court much approved the part, that Prince took of the Count *de Saluces*, being generally beloved and esteemed by all. But the Queen above all, thanked him in her mind, and much commended his procedure. She was something interessed in it; for besides that she could not with a good grace, go see the Count in a particular house, she hoped not only to see him; but to be able without consequence, to pass one part of the day with him, having so fair a pretext as that of seeing her Brother. There was only *Briseida* who was unhappy in that occasion; and who, having only

tears for her part, had but an ill ſhare. The Marqueſs her Father was ſometime without ſeeing her, and ſpoke not to her but out of neceſſity, nay, and that with ſharpneſs; not that he had the leaſt ſuſpition that ſhe loved, or was beloved by the Count *de Saluces*, for violent as he was, he would have come to the greateſt extremities; but through the hatred that jealouſie had given him for that Prince, he looked upon with horrour all thoſe who obliged him, and who were for him. What injuſtices does not Love make a man do, when it turns his wit and his reaſon? What irregularities does it not make him commit? and how a Lover ſo tranſported would be aſhamed of himſelf, if he but knew himſelf in that condition. But it was to much purpoſe he had

had an averſion for the Count *de Saluces*, though the Princeſs had known it, ſhe was engaged; and Love making her love him, as much as it made him be hated by her Father, ſhe would not have quitted her ſentiments to have took his. She found reaſon and juſtice in her conduct, the merit of *Gaſpard de Saluces* demanded all her heart; and if ſhe had only given that, to repair the injury her Father had done; ſhe would have thought ſhe had reaſon to act thus.

The Chirurgions having ſearched the two wounded Princes, found that the Count Palatine had four wounds; but that that of the Count *de Saluces* was alone more dangerous than all his by reaſon of the quantity of blood he had loſt. This news was quickly ſpread over all the Court

and there were many tears ſhed not only by our two illuſtrious Princeſſes; but by almoſt all the Ladies of the Court, by whom this Prince was particularly eſteemed. He was ſome days without receiving viſits from any body; and all people preſſed to come at all hours to know how he did; but they had not the ſame complaiſance for the Count Palatine, who though he had been longer at that Court, had procured but few friends, and the Marqueſs was he, who took the moſt care to inquire of his health.

The Duke and the Queen had ſent to make him their Complements, but all their diſquiet was only for the poor Count. There was no talk in all that time either of Ball, or of Feaſting, or of Walking, or of any other Diverſement,

tiſement, which were uſually ſeen in that Court; and though their recoveries were not any longer doubted of, and that the Count Palatine was already ſo well as to riſe; The Queen nor the Duke would not begin any till the Count *de Saluces* was in a condition to reliſh them, at leaſt in his Chamber. They had already begun to make there ſome ſmall aſſemblies. The fair Queen was there from the morning to the evening; ſhe ſaw him dreſt twice a day, and all theſe little cares ſo charming in ſuch occaſions, and ſo ſenſible to a ſick man, who has ſuch a heart as a gallant man ought to have, were too often repeated for the Count to conſerve againſt them, that inſenſibility, that the love he had for *Briſeida*, obliged him to have for any other than ſhe; the

Duke

Duke of *Savoy* the moſt complaiſant of all men, ſaw theſe eagerneſſes that his ſiſter had for that Prince, and found no fault with them. He did not doubt but that there was ſome kindneſs in it; but he could not blame it for a perſon who had ſo much merit as he. The Marqueſs was the only one who did not approve it; and who condemned the Brother as much as the Siſter. He was often in that Chamber; becauſe he could not ſee the Queen elſewhere, and he was inceſſantly the witneſs of ſeveral kindneſſes which put him in diſpair. Nay, he was forced out of complaiſance to look kindly upon his Rival, and that was his greateſt torture. All his pleaſure was to go relate afterwards, all that had paſſed to the Count Palatine exaggerating to him the things beyond

yond what they were, nay, and beyond what he had ſeen, which was no great divertiſment to that Prince, who having certainly more inclination to love the Queen, than he ever had for any woman in the world, reliſhed but with very little pleaſure the inclination ſhe had for his Rival; but as he knew that the Counts heart was not an offering to her, he hoped, that the firſt ſight of *Briſeida* would revenge him on the Queen. Policy would not permit, that to ruin the Count *de Saluces* he ſhould ſpeak of that Letter to the Marqueſs, becauſe it was to render him wholly the Queens, to take him from the Princeſs, and that was not to advance his deſign. Wherefore he took care not to commit that fault.

But we leave too long *Briſeida* crying

crying in her Chamber. That afflicted Princeſs was ſo changed in two or three days with grief, that ſhe was no longer the ſame: thoſe who knew not what there was in her heart, as the Queen did, attributed it to the manner with which the Marqueſs then treated her; but there was no ſooner certain news, that there was no more danger for the life of her dear Count, than that ſhe was no longer in a condition to raiſe any ones pity, and her Beauty recovered its former luſtre. Not but that there ſtill remained a certain languiſhing which though it had not been cauſed by the fear one always has for a perſon one loves, and who is ill, the advantage the Queen had above her to ſee him every day, to do him little kindneſſes, to ſpeak to him, was capable to give

give her a great deal of trouble. What ſad moments did ſhe paſs upon this account! What cruel Ideas had ſhe! The reflection alone of imagining, that ſhe was in his Chamber, gave her a thouſand mortal alarms; and ſhe envyed her that happineſs, more than that of being Queen. The Count did his devoir in aſſuring her by his Letters; but that was not enough. This was the firſt he writ to her ſince his being wounded.

If you have not pardoned, Madam, appearances, in what you ſaw, ſome days ſince, I am the moſt unhappy of all men, for you will have condemned me without doubt as one perfidious, and never was any one ſo innocent as I. In the condition I am in my forces doe not permit me to make greater explications; but if Richard *might have*

have the honour entertaining you, he would tell you enough to juſtifie me. If I am guilty for having caſt my ſelf at the Queens feet, my crime proceeds only from the extream paſſion I have for you, and you could not have puniſhed me more cruelly than by going away from me; for in that you prevented my clearing all. I am only unhappy, Madam, and ſtill to perfect my ruin, I muſt needs be deprived of the honour of ſeeing you, which is the greateſt ill my wound could do me, I am much to be pitied, my Princeſs, if you have no pity for a Prince who only lives for you, and who would give himſelf a thouſand Deaths, if he found himſelf guilty towards you of the leaſt treachery.

The Princeſs received that Letter as ſhe was walking in the Park, which was the only pleaſure ſhe had had ſince ſhe had ſeen the

the Count. She ſaw *Richard*, who apparently ſought to ſpeak to her; and made him be called to inquire the news of his Maſters health. *Richard* who had waited all that day for an opportunity of ſpeaking with her, was raviſhed with joy, to have ſo fair an one. He approached her, and gave her that Letter in a Noſegay he preſented her; and which he had prepared on the purpoſe. The Princeſs perceived it, and having diſmiſſed him after ſome queſtions ſhe asked him concerning the Counts health, ſhe retired into an Arbour to read what he had writ to her. Her mind was all that day ſomething more at eaſe than it uſed to be; but ſhe was not cured of her ſuſpitions, and of her alarms; the more ſhe loved him, the more jealous ſhe was of his heart, and feared to loſe it.

The

The Queen was the moſt dangerous perſon, that there was upon the Earth, and the Princeſs had reaſon to apprehend her.

Richard having ſo happily executed his Commiſſion, returned as ſoon as he could to his Maſter, to give him an account. He ſent him the next day to the Park two hours before the time he was to be there, ſo much impatience had he to know what anſwer the Princeſs would give him; *Richard* went thither to pleaſe his Maſter, and had time to be weary, becauſe *Briſeida*, who had a mind to diſcourſe with him, came there later than ſhe had told him, by waiting till it was night; and that ſhe might go thither without Train. She came in the time he leaſt hoped to ſee her; and that he was going away, and having made him enter into an Arbour

bour with *Doriſa*, ſhe asked him what news from his Maſter. *Richard* after having ſatisfied thoſe firſt Complements, related to her the adventure of that Scarf, and the reaſon that had obliged the Queen to take it away. After which, what had happened to him himſelf in the Wood, in carrying her a ſecond Letter; and how his Maſter having believed that it was the Count Palatine who was the Author of that violence, had given him a challenge and by the victory which he had over him, had obliged him to reſtore it, which he had done without pain, diſavowing however ſo baſe an action, and aſſuring that it was from the Queen he had took it. As much as the firſt adventure was capable of giving joy to the Princeſs, ſo much the ſecond gave her diſpleaſure, to

ſee

The Queen was the moſt dangerous perſon, that there was upon the Earth, and the Princeſs had reaſon to apprehend her.

Richard having ſo happily executed his Commiſſion, returned as ſoon as he could to his Maſter, to give him an account. He ſent him the next day to the Park two hours before the time he was to be there, ſo much impatience had he to know what anſwer the Princeſs would give him; *Richard* went thither to pleaſe his Maſter, and had time to be weary, becauſe *Briſeida*, who had a mind to diſcourſe with him, came there later than ſhe had told him, by waiting till it was night; and that ſhe might go thither without Train. She came in the time he leaſt hoped to ſee her; and that he was going away, and having made him enter into an Arbour

bour with *Doriſa*, ſhe asked him what news from his Maſter. *Richard* after having ſatisfied thoſe firſt Complements, related to her the adventure of that Scarf, and the reaſon that had obliged the Queen to take it away. After which, what had happened to him himſelf in the Wood, in carrying her a ſecond Letter; and how his Maſter having believed that it was the Count Palatine who was the Author of that violence, had given him a challenge and by the victory which he had over him, had obliged him to reſtore it, which he had done without pain, diſavowing however ſo baſe an action, and aſſuring that it was from the Queen he had took it. As much as the firſt adventure was capable of giving joy to the Princeſs, ſo much the ſecond gave her diſpleaſure, to

ſee

ſee that two perſons ſhe ought the moſt to fear, were Maſters of a ſecret, which alone was capable to ruin them. *Gaſpard de Saluces* had judged that ſuch a piece of news as that would be extreamly diſadvantageous to him with the Queen; but he alſo believed, that it was neceſſary to acquaint her with it to prevent here therein; the more the Princeſs examined that affair, the more ſhe foreſaw the dangerous conſequences. It was a very happy thing the having recovered that Letter; but it was nothing to ſuch a furious ſpirit as her Fathers, and eſpecially in that contrary diſpoſition he then was, both for the one and the other; that there needed only the leaſt ſuſpition of the inclination ſhe had for that Prince, to render her unhappy the reſt of her Life.

Nay,

Nay, ſhe knew not how to comprehend, that that Letter had not yet made a noiſe, for having paſſed through the hands of the Queen and of the Count Palatine, both jealous and intereſſed in that intelligence of heart, that they might believe ſhe had with the Count *de Saluces*, they ought to uſe all their endeavours to break it, they I ſay, who did not loſe the leaſt occaſion of giving them trouble. For the Queen, it was probable that the conſideration of the Count, whom ſhe would have loſt by that means, prevented her from ſpeaking. But the Count Palatine, who had naturally a malicious ſpirit, and who was beaten and ill treated in all manners by the Count, ſhe knew not what ſhould retain him from ſpreading abroad that affair, thereby to have his revenge. She

She again asked *Richard*, if he knew not what had paſſed in the diſcourſe the Count had had with the Queen near the *Fountain of Nymphs*. *Richard* who was perfectly inſtructed therein, related to her all that converſation, with which the Princeſs was well enough ſatisfied; But ſhe judged from the Queens ſpirit, that ſhe would give her trouble, and that the ſtorm would fall ſome day upon her when ſhe thought of it the leaſt. After that ſhe would not keep *Richard* any longer, for fear of augmenting the ill adventures, and having given him a Letter for his Maſter, ſhe told him certain days of the week that he might come to the Park, where he ſhould find her, or at leaſt *Doriſa*, in whom he might confide all things. *Richard* content with the joy he was going to give his Maſter,

Maſter, was with him before he was aware. He was received with careſſes, of which Lovers abound towards thoſe who uſefully ſerve them with their Miſtreſſes. He took that Letter, kiſt it, opened it, with an impatience, and a joy, that he could hardly read it. It was in theſe terms.

Do you believe to have committed ſo great a crime, that it was needful you ſhould take ſo much pains to juſtifie your ſelf, I can tell you no, though I were ſtill in choller; but after the condition I ſaw you in, it would be cruelty not to pardon you. I have been angry with you I confeſs, and though I was miſtaken in what I ſaw, I am not yet ſo well cured but that I have ſtill need of ſome time, but be not in pain; you would be but little obliged to me, if the impreſſi-

on

on ſuch a ſight was capable of making in ſuch a heart as mine was ſo ſoon effaced. You will perfect this laſt work when you are in better health, in the mean time endeavour only that, I deſired: and if that is not enough I command it you.

For the firſt Letter that *Briſeida* writ him this was kind enough, and that Prince had reaſon, as he fancied himſelf, to believe he was the moſt happy of all men, in having received ſuch a one from ſuch a Princeſs as ſhe was, he would have paſſed the reſt of the day in reading it, had not the Queen arrived. She found him with an air ſo gay and with eyes ſo contented, that ſhe believed there was ſome great amendment in his health. And indeed from that day he had no more Feaver; and the Chyrurgions

rurgions being come ſome time after, reported that his Wound was better than ever; and if it ſo continued, the Count would be again on foot in eight days. They could not have given more agreeable news to the Queen, who came immediately to felicitate the Count. She knew not to whom he had that obligation; for apparently ſhe would not have ſo much rejoyced. That happy Lover, who had then only in his mind the Idea of the happineſs of being beloved by the Princeſs, of which the Letter ſhe had written to him, gave him hopes enough, ſaid that day to the Queen, the moſt agreeable and the moſt obliging things imaginable. Thitherto it had been only ſentiments of reſpect, and of acknowment for ſo many goodneſſes ſhe had had for him; but flouriſhing

then a little more, he enlarged to Courtſhip it ſelf; and his Soul was ſo full, that he could have done it to his very enemies. He made no reflection on the conſequence; he only thought of contenting his heart, which was in ſo great a ſtock of joy, that it was neceſſary to be communicative if he would be at eaſe. There is ſometimes ſuch ſorts of contentments as fill the Souls, as there is of grief which burden them, and of which there is no cure without imparting them to others. The misfortune was for the poor Queen, that ſhe ſuffered her ſelf to be charmed. She had ſo great a deſire that the Count ſhould love her, that ſhe believed it upon the leaſt appearances; but at that time ſhe was more perſuaded than ever, inſomuch that ſhe fancied, that it was time to open to him

him her heart, and that to pretend to be insensible, and to let such a man languish as the Count *de Saluces*, in the condition he was, was a perfect inhumanity unbecoming a Woman of her courage. *My Lord*, said she to him, after having suffered him to say things upon her Beauty, and upon the advantages that a Queen as she had to make her self, not only to be beloved by her Subjects, but adored by all men, as the Count had told her, *I believe there is no hazard in telling a Prince, who has such sentiments as those you have for me, that if one had the power you say, of making ones self beloved, one should not make use of it upon the generality. A heart how great soever, will have but one to fill it, but which is worthy of it; and it is what one finds not every day. I have seen*

Kings and Princes who loved me, or at leaſt who told me ſo, but nothing touch'd me in favour of them. It was not yet what I wanted: It is at Caral, *my Lord,* ſhe ſtopped there, ſighing. At *Caral*, Madam, replyed the Count, and who ſhould be that happy Lover? *You may,* ſaid ſhe to him, bluſhing, *ſpare me the trouble of naming him.* The Count found himſelf more perplexed than ſhe, with that explication. The Queen ſaw his motion and interpreted it to her advantage; and he ſaw himſelf conſtrained in the length to diſabuſe her; but happily for both came the Duke of *Savoy*, who after having been ſome time with them, carryed back his Siſter to her Apartment. The Count had ſeen enough by a thouſand teſtimonies of goodneſs, that the Queen did not hate him

him, but after what he had told her of the paſſion he had for the Princeſs, and what ſhe had ſeen of it, he would never have believed, that ſhe would have ventured to make a declaration her ſelf of the ſentiments of her heart. He clearly ſaw it was the effect of the manner ſomething more obliging with which he had treated her that day: he repented it, and would have been glad to have been able to have let her know that he could not be unfaithful to *Briſeida*; but beſides, that we never take pleaſure in ſaying any thing diſpleaſing to a perſon not altogether indifferent to us, as a confeſſion of that manner would be, it ever ill becomes the mouth of a man, except he be brought to the laſt puſh. The Queen alſo on her ſide choſe rather to leave him without an an-

ſwer, to the end he might think of it that night, than to run the hazard of not having ſuch an one as ſhe deſired. She ſaw clearly that let her do what ſhe would, he was ſtill moſt ſenſible for the Princeſs; and that he declared to her, there was more of acknowledgment than of Love. Yet as we always flatter our ſelves, ſhe hoped that he would change in time, or that ſhe ſhould cure her ſelf of a paſſion without hopes. The next day ſhe returned to the charge, more early than ſhe had been there yet; and being come into his Chamber, by a familiar habit, of which no body had any thing to ſay, being only obſerved there by her Brothers Servants, *well, Count*, ſaid ſhe to him, *have you not t'ought to night of the Lover I ſpake to you of yeſterday, and is it neceſſary to*

tell

tell you his Name? It is true, Madam, anſwered the Count, that I have thought of it; but if you pleaſe I will not know him; for I ſhould be glad to be ignorant. *Is it that you are jealous*, replyed the Queen? No Madam, replyed he, but he is the moſt ungrateful of all men, and merits not the leaſt of your bounties. *You are too haſty*, Count, ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, *in condemning him, for perhaps you are miſtaken*, I wiſh it, Madam, anſwered he, but if it be the wretch I imagine, I tell you once more that he is ungrateful, and that you ought to have all manner of indifferency for him. *It is impoſſible*, replyed the Queen, *that he ſhould be indifferent to me, and if ever I change ſentiments of him, it will be thoſe of hatred that I ſhall take.* Ah, Madam, for thoſe, replyed the

Count, ſuffer me, if you pleaſe, to tell you, that he has never merited them; and you would be very unjuſt if —— *No, no,* interrupted ſhe, riſing, *I can have none elſe for ungrateful men; and it is not from you, I am to take counſel therein.* But Madam —— ſhe was already out of the Chamber, and not being able any longer to ſupport a converſation ſo diſagreeable to her, ſhe quitted him, and would not hear any more. What a day was that for that poor Queen, ſhe went into her Chamber, where after having plung'd her ſelf ſometime into terrible vexations, which all the tears ſhe ſhed could not allay, ſhe took a ſtrong reſolution of ſeriouſly endeavouring to render her ſelf Miſtreſs of her heart, and to free her ſelf from a paſſion ſhe ſaw would be her ruin. After

that resolution there followed another, which was to go see the Count Palatine, without doubt to make the first jealous, and that was not the way to cure her self. She went thither, that Count was then in a condition to receive Visits; but all he could say to her that was tender and passionate, made as little impression upon her mind as upon her heart. She was so pensive, and had her mind so took up, that she let him say several things which in another occasion, she would not have suffered. For that Prince who was very bold and easie to flatter himself, taking the Queens visit for a return of kindness, or at least of some pity of the condition she had seen him in, told her not only that he loved her, but that he died for Love. And she often giving him no answer, he took

that ſilence as a favourable conſent to his paſſion; and grew ſtill more bold in rating to her the exceſs of his ardour. If any one had asked the Queen in going from thence what the Count had ſaid to her, I believe ſhe could hardly have told it. However that Prince very happy in his idea's, as much as if he had been ſo in effect, really fancyed that the Queen did not hate him, and that he might hope to make himſelf beloved. That amorous Princeſs knew not what to do; and having firmly reſolved not to ſee, at leaſt that day, the Count *de Saluces*, ſhe was ſo perplexed with her perſon, that ſhe was weary whereever ſhe went, and all people put her out of humour. She had not ſeen her Brother, becauſe ſhe had had much buſineſs; but ſhe apprehended, that if ſhe went

went thither, her ordinary inclination would draw her to the wounded mans Chamber. Yet at length not knowing any longer where to go, where ſhe found not ſomething to diſtaſte her, ſhe fancyed ſhe might hazard her ſelf there, not being yet ſo weak, but that ſhe could vanquiſh her ſelf in a thing of ſo little conſequence. But ſhe found him not within, and his Servants told her, that he was with the Count *de Saluces*. The pretext was too plauſible; there was no way to give back. She believed, but little, and her heart furniſhing her immediatly with a thouſand reaſons, to carry her, ſhe let her ſelf be conducted thither. What ſhe did to conſerve ſome haughtineſs, and to let the Count know, it was not to ſee him ſhe was come there, was in entring to tell the

Duke,

Duke that ſhe ſought him; and that ſhe had ſome Letters to communicate to him from the King her Husband, ſhe had received that day, which was likewiſe true. Inſomuch that her Brother made his viſit ſhorter than he would have done, and went with his Siſter to ſee what the Letters of the King of *Scicily* conteined, which was, that he found himſelf very ill; and that he could have wiſhed, either that the Queen was not yet departed from *Provence*, or that ſhe made haſte to arrive in *Scicily* where he expected her. What neceſſity ſoever the Queen ſaw, there was to depart, and though ſhe had ſo much reaſon to do it for the good of her heart, ſhe would never have reſolved to have ſhewed thoſe Letters to the Duke her Brother, for fear of not being able

to

to diſpenſe her ſelf from quitting *Caral* ſooner than ſhe deſired; but the fear ſhe had, having learned that there was alſo Letters for him, the King her Huſband might have writ to him, the ſame thing, were the reaſon ſhe could not avoid the communicating them to him, hoping however to defer her voyage ſome days, with ſome indiſpoſition of command, cauſed by the grief ſhe ought to have for that of her dear husband: which was not difficult for her to feign, in the ill humour ſhe then was. Women are the moſt ingenious imaginable upon that point, and nothing is ſo eaſie for them to find as an indiſpoſition.

The Duke having read theſe Letters, asked if there were none for him; and there was brought to

to him a great Pacquet from the ſame King, in which after having entertained him with ſeveral affairs of State, he pray'd him extreamly not to detein any longer the Queen his Siſter, but to haſten her Voyage as much as he could, not being able to aſſure that he could recover his ſickneſs, which kept him then in Bed. The Duke, who, though theſe Letters had not come, had a deſign to return to *Turin*, for the affairs of his State, had quickly concluded that it was requiſite to depart, to which the Queen did not ſhew the leaſt repugnance, ſince her duty ſo much obliged her to it. She only demanded two days, to prepare her ſelf for it, aſſuring her ſelf that after thoſe two days it would come to two others, that ſome new accident would produce in her

her favour, and that from two to two, it would happen, either that the King would mend, or that her heart would not be ſo ſick as to hinder her departure. Her imagination already prepared her a great divertiſment in learning the Count the news of her departure, to ſee a little how he would receive it, not doubting, that if he had any kindneſs for her, it muſt needs appear in that occaſion. She deſigned for her part to ſhew a great deal of indifference, nay and joy at it, and yet it was difficult enough for her, who was not uſed to diſſemble; inſomuch that apprehending the being betrayed by her ſentiments, ſhe fancyed the beſt way for her was to write him word of it. It was then late, and therefore ſhe waited till the next morning. At the ſame time

it

it was told her there was a Page who asked to ſpeak with her, ſhe knew not but that it might be from the Count *de Saluces*; but ſhe was quickly diſabuſed, when ſhe ſaw the Livery of the Count Palatine. The Page perſented her this Letter.

After having told you, Madam, a thouſand times to day, that I die for love of you, will not you pardon me, if I yet write it. My ſoul is ſo charmed with the happineſs of having ſeen you, and my paſſion is ſo much augmented ſince that moment, that I can ſtill tell you as news, that I love you, without repeating the ſame thing. What a power have you, Madam, over a heart! And what a proſpect do you ſhew it, when it is ſeized by you. Never paſſion went ſo far as mine; never Prince was ſo much in Love; but that which comforts me, and is the

joy

joy of my love, is, that never Princeſs upon the Earth ſo deſerved to be beloved as you. The Count Palatine.

The Queen extreamly ſurpriprized, that that Prince writ to her ſuch a Letter as this; ſhe who remembred nothing of what he had ſaid to her, fancied he raved, and would not ſo much as anſwer that Letter, contenting her ſelf with telling the Page in reſtoring it him, that his Maſter would have done better to have gone to Bed, and that he ought to think more than once of what he did, when he took the liberty to write to perſons of her rank, not to trouble her with ſuch follies. The Page was faithful and acquitted himſelf exactly in his Commiſſion, and repeated word by word to his Maſter what the Queen ſaid. Never man was more out of Countenance, nor more

more afflicted than he: after having had the pleaſure of imagining three or four hours together, that he was not indifferent to one of the faireſt Queens of the world, to ſee himſelf contemned to that point, as to be treated like a mad man. He could not have believed it, and would have hazarded a ſecond Letter, if it had not been ſo late, but he was fully reſolved to do it the next day. This day was a ſet day of Love: for the Queen writ to the Count *de Saluces*, and the Princeſs alſo, the Count *de Saluces* writ to the Princeſs, and the Palatine to the Queen, and thus all theſe Letters ſucceeded.

The firſt was that from the Queen, ſhe was to act the part of one ſick that day; as well to have an occaſion of writing to the Count, as by maxime of the world,

world, after the News ſhe had received from *Scicily*. She had thought of it all the night; and to make a Letter of ten or twelve lines, one may ſay, ſhe had formed in her mind wherewith to make fifty, which ſhe at length reduced to the words which follow.

When We have once made acquaintance with perſons who have merited and procured Our eſteem for them, the cuſtom of the world will not ſuffer them to part without taking leave: I go away after to morrow, my Lord, and if fortune ſhould ever force you to have need of a place of refuge, you will always find one, not perhaps agreeable, but ſafe with the Queen of Scicily —— *I would have ended here, and I know not why I begin again: for I have nothing to ſay to you, adieu, my Lord. If I have*

have any regret in parting; it is in not ſeeing you entirely cured of your Wound. Adieu.

Although the Queen did not too much manage her ſelf in her conduct towards the Count *de Saluces*, ſhe would not however have had it known that ſhe had writ to him, and above all the Duke her Brother, who having had complaiſance enough thitherto, not to condemn her, would have perhaps diſapproved it, if he had ſeen that it proceeded ſo far. But that which obliged her ſtill more to take meaſures, was *Richard*, through whoſe hands her Letter muſt needs paſs, and who being without doubt gain'd by *Briſeida*, in the Intrigue he ſerved for Confident, it was to be feared he would not ſerve her as ſhe deſired. Inſomuch that having ſtudied for ſome invention

to

to deceive him, and not to hazard any thing with her Brother, ſhe bethought her ſelf of having one of her Pages dreſt in the Princeſſes Livery which was not difficult to procure, and having inſtructed him in all things, ſhe ſent him to the old Palace. That Page being cunning, as are almoſt all thoſe of his Character, did not fail to go directly to the Count *de Salnces* Apartment, and when he was at his Chamber door, to know, and ask for *Richard*. He came though he was then buſied with the Chyrurgions, who dreſt his Maſter, and having immediately known the Princeſſes Livery, he asked the Page if he had any thing to ſay to him; he anſwered, he had a Letter to give him from his Miſtreſs for the Count. *Richard* took the Letter, bid the Page wait a moment, and carried

carried it to his Maſter, to whom he whiſper'd in the Ear, not to be underſtood by the Chyrurgions, that a Page of the Princeſs was at the Door, who had juſt given him a Letter from her. The Count charmed with the goodneſs of *Briſeida*; having no leiſure then to read it, bid his Gentleman of the Horſe deliver, at the ſame time, that which he had prepar'd for that lovely Princeſs, and to tell the Page, that he might return within an hour, to take the anſwer of that he had brought. *Richard* did not fail, and the Page return'd to the Queen with this Letter.

I ſhould be in deſpair, Madam, for having commited the leaſt Crime againſt you; but after what you have had the goodneſs to write to me, upon a ſeeming Crime; there wants little that I am not

glad

glad to have fail'd after that manner. Be, my Divine Princeſs, ſtill in a little anger, as you are; yet if poſſible, let it not be long, for what Charms ſoever you have in that State, I tremble, and do not ſo well reliſh the ſweetneſs, as in another. I am by half the better ſince you commended it me, and to be wholly recovered, there wants nothing but ſeeing you. Till when muſt I wait for my happineſs? I languiſh for it; and it is at preſent the only ill I need be cured of.

The Queen perceived this Letter was not addreſſed to her; and that it was a miſtake that the diſguiſe of her Page had cauſed. We read unwillingly that Courtſhip, which goes not only againſt our pretenſions; but which deſtroys all our hopes; and in point of love more than in any other thing:

thing: Thus it cannot be doubted, that the paſſionate Queen, with the pleaſure ſhe took in the miſtake, had not likewiſe a ſenſible grief, to ſee things written, wch were ſo contrary to her deſires; yet the hopes of making uſe of them for her revenge, gave her ſome litttle comfort. It is the firſt recourſe of Women, and is inſtead of all to them, when they have loſt all. She did not doubt, but that the Letter ſhe had written to the Count, did not undeceive him, and put him in mind of the fault he had committed; but ſhe did not deſign to reſtore it him, till after having made uſe of it againſt him. As ſhe was in this thought, ſhe was told, that the Princeſs was coming to ſee her: She entred the Chamber preſently after. *Briſeida* had already learnt the news that the Queen had

had receiv'd from *Sicily*, and had taken that pretext of making her a viſit; but that which brought her, was to know, if ſhe was to depart within two days, as was reported; and at which ſhe feared to rejoyce too ſoon. There paſſed between them much of ſeeming kindneſs, and ſeveral Compliments, after which they came to an ordinary Converſation, and fell inſenſibly upon the Chapter of the Count *de Saluces*, for whom the Queen declared to have a great deal of eſteem: She told the Princeſs, that ſhe made no difficulty to confeſs it to her, becauſe ſhe knew that Prince was not indifferent to her; and that beſides eſteem, ſhe had yet ſomething more kind for him. You know a great deal of news of my Heart, Madam, *Briſeida* anſwered ſmiling, and perhaps more

than I : I conſult it ſo ſeldom, that I am almoſt always the laſt, that knows what paſſes in it; ſo that I can give no poſitive anſwer to what you ſay of the ſentiments I have of the Count *de Saluces*. That Conduct is rare, reply'd the Queen ſmiling alſo; but however, give me leave to tell you, that that Heart you take ſo little care to conſult, has perfectly inſtructed you with the Progreſs that Prince has made in it. Did the Count tell you this, Madam, ſaid the Princeſs to her? May be he did, anſwered the Queen. No, no, Madam, reply'd immediately the Princeſs, I know to whom you owe your informations; but it is poſſible to be deceived by ſuch Memorials: and that Letter ſurpriz'd with ſo much violence, is but an ill ſecurity of the poſture of my Heart.

Do

Do not defend your ſelf ſo much, Madam, reply'd the Queen, in a truth, which is but too well known to me, I have no need of violence to know your ſecrets, they are imparted to me without my deſiring it. Will you believe if I let you ſee it? then added ſhe, ſhewing her the Letter her Page had brought her, ſee if that be not addreſt to you; and ſay after theſe ſecurities, that I am grounded upon ill memorials. The Princeſs took the Letter, knew the hand, ſaw it was an anſwer of that ſhe had written to the Count, and did no longer doubt after that, but that ſhe was betrayed: Yet to examine the Queens proceedure, ſhe could not comprehend by what motive ſhe ſhould ſhow her the Count's Treachery; and that if ſhe was ſo much in his favour, as to be made

a Confident of all the Letters he writ to her, what her deſign could be, to make her quarrel with him. All theſe reaſons were ſtrong enough, to make her return a little from the diſorder her firſt vexation had caſt her in; and opening her Eyes more and more, ſhe only ſaw jealouſie in what the Queen had told her, and ſuſpected her of ſome new Cheat in this, as well as in the other Letter. She had not yet made her any anſwer thereupon, having at firſt been hurried away with a thouſand reflections ſhe made upon that Letter; but on a ſudden taking a Face more ſerious and more moderate, than the Queen expected; The Count, ſaid ſhe to her, writes very kindly; and if I had not been touch'd with his merit, I ſhould be perhaps with his Letters, ſince that you ſay, continued ſhe, that this

this is for me, you will give me leave to burn it; for having read it, I have nothing more to do with it. The Queen, who could not oppoſe that deſign, conſented, and it was burnt at the ſame moment. After that the Princeſs ſpake, and was all the reſt of the time of that viſit, with ſo much tranquility and ſo little ill humour, that the Queen made this judgment of her; that for a young perſon, ſhe was very skillful in the Art of diſſembling; ſince ſhe could do it in ſo great a ſubject of jealouſie. Be it as it will, ſhe had not all the pleaſure ſhe had prepared her ſelf for, but ſaw her go out of her Chamber with the ſame joy ſhe was come there.

The Princeſs was hardly at the bottom of the Stairs ſhe was to paſs, to go to her Apartment, and which was a place very obſcure, that a Servant without a Livery

abording her, gave her a Paper, and told her ſoftly, that the Count *de Saluces* ſent her that Letter; but it not being *Richard*, and ſhe diſtruſting her Enemies play'd her ſome trick, as they dayly endeavoured, ſhe knew not if ſhe was to take it; but it was to no purpoſe ſhe ballanced upon the point; for the Bearer had hardly given it her, but he diſappeared; thus ſhe ſaw her ſelf forced to keep it, and was no ſooner in her Chamber, than that ſhe opened it; but it was with trembling, and found there theſe Words.

I have followed your Counſels, Madam, and after having thought all the Night of what I wrote to you yeſterday, I do not ſee, that I have committed a great Crime in writing to you how I love you, after having ſuffered me to tell it you a

hundred

hundred times in one afternoon. If writing only offends you in Love, I renounce, Madam, all that is call'd Amorous Tickets and Tickets of Gallantry: Not but that it is ſomething very hard, in ſuch a Conjuncture of time as this, when I have ſo ſeldom the honour of ſeeing you, If at leaſt, Madam, loſing on that ſide, you would otherwiſe repair it, I might be comforted, though you are unjuſt: But after what manner ſoever it happens, it is a great Grace to me, that you permit me to Love you, and to tell it you, and I promiſe never to write it you, if you pleaſe, as long as I live.

The Princeſs overjoy'd at this Letter, which had given her ſo much fear: She hop'd to have her revenge on the Queen, to whom ſhe perceiv'd that it was addreſſed, and that the Bearer

who had given it her, had took her for the Queen. But ſhe could not divine the reaſon why he had told her that he came from the Count *de Saluces*. The Count Palatine, after the contempt with which the Queen had treated his firſt Letter; ſeeing that it was an effect of her inconſtancy, apprehended ſhe would make a difficulty of receiving the ſecond; his jealouſie of the Count *de Saluces*, which had not yet quitted him, making him believe, that he had contributed to the Change, made him hope at the ſame time, that in his name it would be better receiv'd: Inſomuch that he made uſe of that deceit, ordering his Commiſſioner of that affair, to withdraw as ſoon as he had delivered it. It was an honeſt *High Dutch* Gentleman, who in a place ſomething obſcure, as

that

that was, where he met the Princeſs, not too well knowing to diſtinguiſh her from the Queen, whom he had ſeldom ſeen, was eaſily miſtaken in ſeeing her come out of that Apartment: *Briſeida* could not entirely penetrate into the ſubject of that falſe Embaſſy, no more than in the underſtanding the Letter: But was however very glad of the adventure; to make a pleaſant uſe of it, ſhe would let the Queen know of it, and ſent her her Letter with this following.

Secret for Secret, Madam, and Letter for Letter. Deſtiny is very capricious to day, that you nor I can receive any thing of this nature, but by indirect ways: Let us treat one another as we would be treated: For my part, I confeſs, I could be very well without the pleaſure one would give me

in making me a Confident; It is no pleaſure, but a trouble; and if you are in the ſame ſentiment, we ſhall not again be indebted to one another for the like Obligations. Briſeida *of* Montferrat.

The Queen having read theſe two Letters, was not ſo much vexed, although ſhe was very much, at the Princes inſolence, in writing to her a ſecond time after that manner, as ſhe was in deſpair, that thoſe follies had paſſed through the Princeſſes Hands, who might believe they had ſome ground; but that which ſtill put her moſt in pain, was, the belief that it was poſſible, that that Prince had made her his Confident, to laugh at her together; and if it was not ſo, as it was ſomething improbable, by what means could ſhe have had that

that Letter, to revenge her ſelf ſo opportunely : during all this trouble, which was but too great to her, ſhe was told that the Gentleman of the Horſe of the Count *de Saluces* as'd to ſpeak with her : *Richard* had leave to enter, and preſented to the Queen a Letter from his Maſter, wherein the Count, after having declared the extream regret he had, in not being in a condition to accompany her, and to render her at leaſt his Devoires, before ſhe departed ; he prayed her very inſtantly to ſend him back a Letter, that the Gentleman of the Horſe had given by miſtake to her Page. Of the humour the Queen was then, ſhe did not find that Letter kind enough for her ; nay not Civil enough to oblige her to draw him out of the pain, ſhe perceiv'd he was in for that Letter ; and told

Richard

Richard for anſwer, that he had only to tell his Maſter, that ſhe had no longer his Letter, and that he might go ask it of the Princeſs, who would give him better reaſons than ſhe. *Richard* caſt himſelf at her Knees, and pray'd her, with tears in his Eyes, rather to put him to Death, than to ſend him back without that Letter: that his Maſter not believing the diſguiſe nor deceit of the Page, was in ſuch a rage againſt him, that he durſt not appear again in his preſence; nay, that he fear'd, that the fury he was in upon this Subject, his Diſeaſe might grow worſe, and that he would be more ſick than ever. The Queen who was a tender and ſweet Princeſs, mov'd with *Richards* tears, more than with all he told her of the rage of his Maſter, did for his ſake write to his Maſter,

ſter, and ſent him this Letter.

It was not neceſſary to anſwer your Letter; but I pity poor Richard, *who was not reſponſable for the trick my Page play'd him; pardon him for my ſake. Your Letter was burnt by the hands of a Judg, whom you dare not, I believe, complain of, nay nor appeal from the reaſon of that act of Juſtice; I know not, if I have contributed towards it, it was without deſign. Perhaps they would give me my revenge, but they are not my Friends enough to believe that. Adieu: if I am better this Evening, perhaps I will ſee you for the laſt time.*

The Queen told *Richard*, that that Letter would make his peace, or at leaſt it would ſo well juſtifie him with his Maſter, that he ſhould have nothing more to ſay to him. The honeſt Gentleman

of

of the Horſe relying on the Queens words, return'd ſomething comforted to his Maſter, to whom he preſented that Letter, which far from appeaſing him, put him in a greater fury than ever; for that the Queen writ him word, that his Letter had been burnt. He knew her Spirit, and fear'd ſhe had ſerv'd him ſome trick with the Princeſs, to whom he ſaw that that name of Judge was addreſſed: there, thereupon paſſed a hundred terrible imaginations in his mind, and had no reſt, till he had ſent *Richard* to the Rendezvouz of the Park with this Letter.

I dye, Madam, if you do not pardon me the misfortune that is happen'd, through the imprudence of my Gentleman of the Horſe, who gave this morning a Letter I wrote to you, to one of the Queens

Pages

Pages, who had taken your Livery to deceive him. I am informed that that Letter has been burnt. Alas! what crime had it committed! muſt it be anſwerable for the ſillineſs of my Man; and muſt I be doubly unhappy? Do me more Juſtice, incomparable Princeſs; and at leaſt let me know, that I have no part in that puniſhment. I have ſuffered enough, though I am innocent; and you cannot puniſh me any more without putting me to Death.

Richard went to the Park, and waited there very long, and to no purpoſe, for the Perſons who were to come thither; at which his Maſter not ſeeing him return, grew impatient, at leaſt as much as he. At length it was ſo late, that neither the Princeſs, nor *Doriſa* could come thither; and he returned to the Palace to carry that

that ill news to his Maſter, who ſuffering himſelf to be tranſported with grief and affliction drew tears from poor *Richard*, juſt as he was told, that a young man ask'd to ſpeak with him: he went to ſee who it was, and found that it was *Doriſa* in Boys Cloaths, whom he would not have known, had not ſhe declared her ſelf to him. She would not ſtay, for fear of ſome misfortune, and bid him only be at one of the Clock in the Night in a Chamber ſhe ſhewed him, and where ſhe would wait to ſpeak with him. *Richard* gave her the Letter he had for her Miſtreſs, and let her go, that he might preſently carry that news to his Maſter, which though it had nothing extraordinary, would almoſt reſtore him his Life, and to *Richard* the Joy he had loſt.

A little time after the Queen came, who fell a Rallying the Count upon the Letter ſhe had ſeen, and at the rage his Gentleman of the Horſe had told her he was in. That Prince not having his mind then enough at eaſe, to come to raillery, as the Queen did, defended himſelf ſo ill, that ſhe told him he raiſed her pity; and that the adventure of that Letter had ſo diſturbed his wit, that he had none left: adding to that, that ſhe would not bid him adieu that evening, as ſhe had reſolved; ſince he was in ſo ill a humour; and that he ſhould prepare himſelf for the next day, that ſhe might ſee him kind and ſenſible, at leaſt for that day. She quitted him after theſe words; and left him leſs ſatisfied with himſelf than ſhe was. But the care of ſending *Richard* to the mid-

mid-night Rendezvouz, having ſucceeded to that vexation, gave him other Idea's much more important than thoſe. The time approached, and *Richard* prepared himſelf to go to that Chamber; where he found *Doriſa*, who told him, that it being reported to the Marqueſs, that one of the Princeſſes Pages had entred into his Maſters Apartment in the morning, and had given him a Letter, to deliver him; that buſineſs had made a noiſe, and that though the Princeſs had juſtified her ſelf enough, and that it was found it was the Queen, who had made uſe of that Livery, to dreſs one of her Pages; The Princeſs had been forbid the ſpeaking with any of the Princes people, nor to ſuffer that any of hers had commerce with them. *Richard* then related to her, what had happened

to

to him upon the miſtake of that Letter and the deceit of the Page. After which having given one another ſigns and addreſſes, not to fall again into the like inconveniencies, *Doriſa* gave him a Letter for his Maſter, and told him that he might return the next day at the ſame hour. *Richard* very well ſatisfied with this negotiation, which would ſo well reconcile him with his Maſter, returned immediately to him, and told him why the Princeſs and *Doriſa* went not to the Park, and what the Marqueſs had forbid them, as alſo the conſequence his Letter had had in the Queens hands; and in fine all that *Doriſa* had told him. But his concluſion was the Letter, which the Count opened with a great deal of joy after the aſſurances of eſteem, that *Richard* had

brought

brought from the Princeſſe's part; it contained theſe words.

Do not trouble your ſelf, my Lord, if the Queen perſuades you no more than ſhe does me, you will never have reaſon for any diſquiet. She had like to have ſurprized me with that Letter, I confeſs, though I miſtruſted her before; but ſhe was not cunning enough to maintain what ſhe had but too well begun. Her ſpleen betrayed her, and ſhe did not appear enough diſintereſſed to make me believe what ſhe told me. Afflict not your ſelf at the fate of your Letter: I will not keep any thing that ſhall paſs through the hands of my Enemies, for fear it be infectious. Take care of your ſelf only, but if it is true that they are to depart, I pity you. You loſe in the Queen a perſon who much eſteemed you, and who if it may be ſaid, merited —— Adieu.

You

You know perhaps better than I what ſhe merited.

The Letters of that charming Princeſs gave admiration to the Count, as they filled him with Love. He only wiſhed to be cured, that he might have the happineſs of ſeeing her, for which he impatiently long'd. In the mean time he clearly ſaw, that all things diſpoſed themſelves to be contrary to him. The Queen was departing and could no longer ſerve him for pretext; The Marqueſs had changed his ſentiments of him, and was jealous in regard of the Princeſs; Love alone was for him; but it was enough, for a Lover of his make, not to deſpair of any thing; and aſſured as he was of the Princeſſes eſteem, there was not only any obſtacle but he believed he could ſurmount, but alſo no Enchantment,

ment, that he did not hope to put an end to.

This being the laſt day that the Queen was to paſs at *Caral*, ſhe was no ſooner viſible, than that there were people in her Chamber, and ſhe paſſed the greateſt part of it in receiving the Compliments of the moſt conſiderable Perſons of that Court. The Palatin, who had yet only walked in his Chamber, went out that day, to go render his devoires to the fair Queen. He was ſtill ſo pale and ſo weak, that ſhe could not ſee him without having pity, and could not continue in her reſentment againſt him. But yet, as ſhe could not diſpence her ſelf from telling him the reaſon ſhe had to be angry with him, ſhe was willing to do it with the moſt moderation and the moſt ſweetneſs ſhe could; and

and drawing him aſide: My Lord, ſaid ſhe to him, you have not at all conſider'd me, in writing to me the follies you did. I know not by what hazard they fell into the Princeſſes hands, whether it was you or Fortune that did thus play upon me; but I ſhall tell you, that it was from her I receiv'd the laſt Letter you wrote to me. Thereupon the Count would have interrupted her, and have juſtified himſelf of a misfortune, he could not comprehend; but the Queen told him, that it was not neceſſary; that ſhe would believe of it all that he would, and that in the condition ſhe ſaw him, and upon the point of departing, ſhe was willing to pardon him what had paſſed, provided that for the future he was more rational, and that he did not imagin ſhe could

could love him: Not but that he had a great deal of merit; and that ſhe found not in him, as many fine Qualities, as could be deſired in a Prince; but withall that ſhe counſelled him as a good Friend, to undeceive himſelf, and to make uſe of her ſincerity; that if her eſteem and her Friendſhip, which were two things which depended on her, had wherewith to content him, that ſhe would not refuſe them him; but it was requiſite he thereto regulated himſelf, and that he ask'd no more, becauſe ſhe could alſo give no more, The fair Queen accompanied all this diſcourſe, with certain manners ſo Charming and ſo Natural to her, that though that unhappy Prince found only poyſon in his Heart, in all ſhe had ſaid to him; it was ſo well ſeaſon'd, that he could

could not hold from ſwallowing it without complaining. Their Converſation was not long, becauſe that People coming inceſſantly, and that it was requiſite that the Queen render'd ſome Civility to each one in particular; they were ſeveral times interrupted, and the Count ſeeing it was no fit hour for him, retir'd. The Marqueſs came afterwards with the Face of an afflicted Man, and the Heart of one in diſpair. The Queen told him almoſt the ſame thing ſhe had done to the Count Palatin, but his paſſion had made too much way, to be able to reduce it to thoſe terms; he ſaid a thouſand extravagancies to the Queen, which would have made her laugh had ſhe not pitied him. He pray'd her to grant ſtill two days, to be able to reſolve to ſee her depart; or otherwiſe he

ſhould die of regret. The Queen, who was overjoy'd at that propoſition, made ſhow of being touch'd with ſome conſideration for him, and bid him endeavour to obtain it from the Duke her Brother; and engage him to ſpeak to her of it, and that ſhe would not make very great difficulty to grant it. The Marqueſs left her to go endeavour to bring this to paſs, hoping already to have gain'd his main point, ſince he had the Queen on his ſide. She was no ſooner freed from all the great people, than that ſhe went to ſpend the reſt of the day with the Count *de Saluces*. Well! Count, ſaid ſhe to him, as ſhe enter'd his Chamber, if Love had united us, we ſhould have a great deal to ſuffer this day that Fate is going to part us. Having had the honour to know a Princeſs of

ſo

ſo extraordinary a merit as you are, Madam, anſwered the Count, It is impoſſible I can part from you without regret. What regret ſhould you have, replyed ſhe, I leave you with ſo beautiful a perſon, whom you love, and who loves you; it would injure her, to have any regret for any other than for her. I do not believe, Madam, replyed the Count, that what I ſhall feel for you at this parting, has any thing contrary to what I owe her: Speak more clearly, Count, ſaid ſhe again to him, this cannot longer be of Conſequence: I am to depart to morrow; and perhaps I ſhall not ſee you again as long as I live: have you had any ſentiment of kindneſs for me? and after *Briſeida*, is there any perſon you have more conſider'd than me? No certain-

ly, Madam, anſwered the Count, and moreover I ſwear to you, that I believe that if I had ſeen you before the Princeſs, I ſhould have had for you the Sentiments I have for her, and for her thoſe that I have for you. If I had two hearts, they would be eaſy to be ſhared; yet having but one, and having given it before I had ſeen you, you have no reaſon to complain. You believe it, Count, replyed the Queen, but you are miſtaken, we never do our ſelves juſtice in that point: We would have merit have the better; and we always fancy to merit more than others. Be it as it will, Prince, I love you, it is no ſecret to you; but I tell you moreover, that I love you more, than you love me: I am out of Countenance I do ſo; and to repair it, I pretend that you ſhould love me, at leaſt

as

as much. If you will not indeavour it; and that you ſhould fear to commit a perfidy to your fair Princeſs, I will do it for you: I have a long time known the way, that is to be taken to touch Hearts; and I will be very unlucky, if I compaſs not yours; I am to depart to morrow; but I ſhall eaſily find ſome excuſe to hinder it. Reckon this ſtill for ſomething, for it is only for the love of you. Adieu, and if poſſible, think not ſo much of *Briſeida*, that you do not remember me a little. After that the fair Queen left him, more touched with her charming way of doing and ſpeaking than he had ever been. But *Briſeida* however triumphed ſtill. *Richard* went to the Rendezvouz with a Letter, he found *Doriſa* there and brought back another, which ruined, all that the Queen

had advanced that Evening, nay, and made him repent of all the obliging things he had ſaid to her, which ſerved, as Rampards againſt the attaques, with which ſhe had threatned his Heart.

The Marqueſs had given ſo many reaſons, and ſhewed ſo many pretences to the Duke of *Savoy*, that he had at length obtained of him, that if the Queen would yet defer her departure for two days, which were to be paſſed in Balls, in Feaſts & ſuch other like Divertiſements, which had been interrupted ſince the quarrel of the two Princes, which were to begin with a Ball. The Duke, at the Queens deſire, would have it in his Apartment; to the end that Count *de Saluces*, who begun to riſe, might have part of the Divertiſement; but as the Count Palatin, who went abroad

broad already, was likewiſe to be there, it was thought convenient, to make them ſee one another firſt: the morning was choſen for that interview; and it paſſed with ſo many Teſtimonies of Friendſhip and Civility on both ſides, that it was not doubted but that they were really reconciled: The pleaſures that the Count *de Saluces* had by the Queens departure being deferred, was, that it procured him, by the means of the Ball, the happineſs of ſeeing the Princeſs. He had notice given him of it by the Queen her ſelf, who ſent him this Letter.

The Ball will be to day in your Apartment: I have thus deſired it for your Divertiſement. It will perhaps coſt me dear; but it matters not. You will ſee the Princeſs there, who apparently longs for a

ſight of you. Judge after this, if I am not extreamly your Friend, ſince I betray my ſelf for the love of you. Reckon at leaſt this obligation for ſomething, and if poſſible, make me not repent.

The Count made her an anſwer which was no leſs Gallant. It had been perhaps as kind, ſo ſenſible was he to this Teſtimony, of her goodneſs; but that he apprehended the conſequences, and knowing the Queens Spirit, who perhaps only writ to him ſo obligingly to have his anſwer the ſame, that ſhe might afterwards ſhew it the Princeſs at the Ball; he kept himſelf purely within the limits of Civility and of Gallantry. The Queen was not ſo malicious as he imagined, ſhe had not that deſign; and if ſhe had only ſhewn the Hand to *Briſeida*, it had been enough to have put her in pain;

pain; but ſhe would manage her ſelf better with him, and make uſe of ways more gentle and more delicate to take him from the Princeſs, The Prince prepared himſelf all the morning, for the happineſs he expected in ſeeing her, and his joy was ſo great, that it advanced his Health more in a moment, than all the Remidies and all the good Treatments he had. The time appeared to him very long; but in fine, the Ball began, and *Briſeida* appear'd there with all the luſtre of an *April* Sun. There was ſeen in her, more than ordinary, a certain languiſhing in her Face, which ſhe was not uſed to have, which was a new ray of Beauty in her, which agreeably ſurpriz'd all people. The amorous Count was infinitely Charmed; and if the hopes of ſeeing her

had advanced his Health, the tranſports a ſight ſo deſired gave him, much leſſened it. He could not bear the Exceſs; he fell into a fainting, and was therefore laid upon his Bed. The common Opinion was, that it was the effect of too much Air, and that he ought to take more care of himſelf. But perhaps, thoſe that were interreſſed did not make the ſame judgment: The Queen, however, did not attribute it to her ſelf; no more than the Princeſs; ſhe choſe rather to believe, as others did, that he was not yet well enough to go out of his Chamber; ſhe had caus'd it, and therefore had all imaginable regret. The Ball was hardly ended, that ſhe entred his Chamber, and made him excuſes ſo tender, and ſo obliging, that notwithſtanding all the Charms of *Briſeida*, by which

which the Count had juſt almoſt been reduced to Death; he could not help from being touched, and ſhe parted from him very well ſatisfi'd.

The hour approached, that *Richard* was to go meet *Doriſa*. His Maſter ſent him to the Rendez-vouz with this Letter for the Princeſs.

How dangerous are you to be ſeen too lovely Princeſs, after having been ſome time without that happineſs. It had like to have coſt me my Life; too happy if I was to dye in loving you, it might be that Death: The too much Joy I had at firſt, deprived me of the pleaſure of enjoying it longer. If you uſe me to it by degrees, I ſhould not be ſubject to thoſe ſurprizing effects of your Charms. It was the Ball which procured me that Felicity. Shall I not once owe it to you your ſelf?

You

You ſee, Madam, what theſe long abſences cauſe me, fear for me, if they do nothing upon you. If you would not loſe me when I find you, there needs only to ſee you oftner, and if you are not indifferent to what belongs to you, you ought by that reaſon to have a care of my Life.

Richard not only found *Doriſa* in that Chamber, but the Princeſs likewiſe, who much in pain for the Count's Health, after the accident which had happened to him, was come her ſelf to learn the news, with diſquiets, and ſentiments ſo tender, that *Richard* had wherewith to make a Charming recital to his Maſter. She queſtioned him about a thouſand things, to which he made ſuch anſwer as ſhe deſired; and ſhe ſent him back but as late as was poſſible, ſo much pleaſure ſhe took in diſcourſing with him. The Count was in pain; and already

ready fancied, that he had been ſurprized with *Doriſa*, but he ſaw him preſently return with a joy, which cauſed him to have the like. It was the cuſtom of that Prince to obſerve him, as he entred the Chamber, to ſee by his meen; if he had any good news to tell him. *Richard* had in effect wherewith to make him rejoyce, and charmed him ſo much by all he told him, that there were things, the Count made him repeat five or ſix times with an extream pleaſure; and paſſed one part of the Night in that, without being incommoded; there was alſo a Letter at the end of this Charming Relation, and it was in theſe terms.

What do you think of dying in my ſight? Do you believe I take ſo little part in your Life, that I ſhould not be troubled with theſe accidents?

dents? Adieu: Manage your self better another time, and if not for the love of your self, let it be at leaſt for the love of me.

The Count hardly ſlept the reſt of that Night; but his Heart was ſo contented, that this far from having an ill effect upon him, he appeared the next day more freſh, and in a better State, than the accident which had happened the day before did permit to have been hoped. The Marqueſs gave, that Afternoon, ſo ſplendid a Feaſt to the Queen, that Hiſtory has made mention of it. It was not a Princes liberality, it was a Lovers prodigality, which was obſerved in the very leaſt things. The Queen however took not much pleaſure in it; and made no great value of ſo great a Feaſt; ſhe had only the Count *de Saluces* in her mind, and languiſhed in all places, where ſhe

ſhe did not ſee him. It was for him alone, that ſhe grieved to depart the next day; ſhe had ſtill a thouſand things to ſay to him. All this put her out of humour; and ſhe was but little oblig'd to him, who gave her this fine feaſt. Did not the Marqueſs well employ his cares and his expences? All this Divertiſement ended ſooner than it would have done, for the Queens ſake, who could not at length hold from ſhewing that ſhe was weary. Thoſe who were complaiſant towards her, attributed that uneaſineſs to the Condition ſhe knew the King of *Sicily* was in. The Marqueſs who was one of thoſe indulgent men, was the firſt that made her Compliments of Conſolation upon the grief ſhe ought to have, and told her ſhe ought not to be afflicted, that ſhe would receive without

without doubt news upon the way, that he grew better. From thence he paſſed to his own ills, aſſuring her, that if any one was to be pitied, it was he, who ſaw himſelf at the Eve of the greateſt misfortune that could ever happen to him, and to loſe all he had moſt dear in the World.

The Queen though in a time ſomething improper, to receive agreeably all this diſcourſe, was too little inclined to be angry, that ſhe ſuffered it all at length, but it is true, that ſhe made him no anſwer, which had been enough to have puniſhed any other Lover than the Marqueſs. He accompanied, or rather followed her to the Count's Chamber, and as if he had deſigned to make her mad that day, he quitted her not, but kept cloſe, as long as ſhe ſtayed there, inſomuch that the

Queen

Queen to ſhake him off, took her leave of the Count, and withdrew into her Apartment, where the amourous Marqueſs ſtill tortured her with his courtſhip and his tranſports. *Well, my Lord*, ſaid ſhe to him at length, *have you ſaid to me all you have to ſay? I know that you love me; I ſee you are grieved for my departure, I imagine you will ſuffer a great deal in my abſence. But in fine here is the end of the Romance; I muſt depart, and I* ——— Ah Madam, I know it but too well, interrupted he her with a paſſionate Air. It is ſufficient, I muſt dye this day. Ah! for dying, replyed the Queen, not being able to hold from laughing, I beg of you it may not be in my Chamber, and if poſſible not till I am gone. The Queen's laughing and anſwer caſt the poor Lover into ſuch

ſuch deſpair, that ſhe was afraid, and ſaid a thouſand kind things to him, to repair that raillery, and ſomething to ſettle his mind, nay & aſſured him, that he was one of the men of the world, ſhe eſteemed the moſt, and that ſhe found him the moſt worthy of her friendſhip. This was no good means to cure him; but it helped her to be the ſooner rid of him, which was all ſhe deſired; he was no ſooner gone, than that the Queen called for *Julia*, and fell a laughing as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her. I have committed a great many follies in this Court, *Julia*, ſaid ſhe to her; but this being the laſt day, I muſt commit one more; and I will have you to be of the party. That inſupportable Marqueſs had like to have made me loſe my wits to day. He gave me not one moment of

liberty:

liberty: he followed me every where, to the very Chamber of the Count *de Salnces*, to whom you may imagine that before ſuch a Witneſs as that I could not ſay one word. In a word, though I was forced to go from thence, though I came hither, that I let him ſay all that he would, yet I could hardly get rid of him. My God, a dozen ſuch Lovers as he in the world, would make all Women that love, renounce their Gallants. That is not all, I muſt bid farewel to the Count: it is the laſt time I ſhall ſee him, perhaps in all my life; and I cannot part after that faſhion. Shall we depart ſo early Madam, anſwered *Julia*, and that ——— Ah, my God! interrupted the Queen, for a Maid of ſenſe, how little thou comprehendeſt what I mean. Thou haſt never loved,

and

and I pardon thee. Would'ſt thou, continued ſhe, that to morrow morning I ſhould bid him farewel before all the world? A tender farewel, and between two perſons who hate not one another, is it made after this manner? Let us not reaſon ſo much: thou art an innocent in that matter, find only ſome invention, that we may immediately, without being known by any body, go ſee the Count *de Saluces* in his Chamber, for it is already late: I am but juſt come from thence, and this might cauſe diſcourſe. *Julia* told her, that without dreſſing themſelves in mens cloaths, ſhe ſaw no other diſguiſe to take. I had already thought of it, anſwered, the Queen, and I am over-joyed that your opinion is the ſame with mine. They quickly found what was neceſſary, and being

being dreſt under pretext of a raillery, they would make to the Duke of *Savoy*. Our two fair Adventureſſes went to the Count's Apartment, and entred into his very Chamber, without meeting with any of his people; but without finding the Maſter alſo, and that was the worſt of the adventure. The Queen much ſurprized at the eclipſe of a ſick man, who the day before had fainted away, was in the greateſt pain poſſible to imagine where he could be gone. Jealouſie immediately ſeiz'd her, and ſhe fancied he was with the Princeſs. Then troubles and diſquiets tormented her, and ſhe went to ſeek for him in *Briſeida*'s Apartment. It was to no purpoſe *Julia* repreſented to her, to what they expoſed themſelves, ſhe had a hundred reaſons ready to make her

ſee that ſhe riſqued nothing, and that they might ſtill make their equipping paſs for a jeſt. They came at length to the Princeſſes, where having immediately found a Page, *Julia* asked him if they could not ſpeak to his Miſtreſs, this Page anſwered that ſhe was not within, but was gone to the Marqueſſe's: thus their viſit was at an end. Ah *Julia!* ſaid the Queen to her, as ſoon as they were got out of that Apartment, my ſuſpitions are but too true. They are certainly together; for what reaſon ſhould the Princeſs have to be at this hour with her Father; ſhe is with the Count *de Saluces*; and that Prince in the condition he is cannot be out of the Palace. They are hid in ſome place: and I would gladly have the pleaſure of ſurprizing them. Come let us ſearch for them,

them, perhaps we ſhall find them. It was not only raſhneſs, but folly for two Women to go alone, eſpecially of the Queens quality, and run up and down ſuch a Palace as that in the Night; but it was a great preſumption to hope to find them, they who had never ſeen half of the Apartments, and who knew not either the paſſages, the entrances, or the goings out. But Love is a God which reaſons upon nothing: who blindly follows all his deſires: and the Queen who only took his counſels, could not be too wiſely conducted. Thus our two Heroines newly made Knights of that Palace, as Veſſels in the middle of the Sea, without Sails or Rudder, floating as the Winds drove them, ſometimes on one ſide, and then again on the other, without knowing whi-

ther

ther they went. The leaſt light made them afraid; and yet they deſired to ſee all. During all this time the happy Count *de Saluces* injoy'd, free from all ſtorms, the moſt lovely calm he had ever taſted, in all his life. He had made reflexion all the night before of *Richards* happineſs, who had met the Princeſs at that Rendezvouz, and as if he had carryed his fortune, he would a thouſand times have deſired that evening to have been *Richard*. That deſire inſpired him with deſigns, which pleaſed him, and which appeared to him too eaſie and too advantageous not to put them in execution. He communicated them to *Richard*, without whoſe advice he did not any thing. He told him, that burning with a deſire to ſee and ſpeak to the Princeſs, he did not believe there

was

was any danger to be run either for him or for her, for him to go to that Chamber; that he knew very well, that it would ſurprize her; that thoſe Graces were not asked but when one has a mind to be refuſed; that *Briſeida* was ſo nice, that he could never hope the like from her, if he took it not without telling her; and that ſhe would however pardon it him. *Richard* the moſt complaiſant of all men, and who in the diſpoſition he had ſeen the Princeſs for his Maſter, did not doubt but that ſhe would be glad to ſee him, and believed if he had ſtrength to go thither, they might hazard the buſineſs. The Count would immediately ſhew that he was ſtronger than he really was, and it is true, that Love is an admirable God. He ſeemed never to have had any hurt, and *Richard*

was aſtoniſhed, and at the ſame time over joyed to ſee him ſo ſtrong. He told him however that he rejoyced perhaps a little too ſoon, and that becauſe the Princeſs went once to the Rendezvouz, it did not follow ſhe ſhould come every day. But the Count comforted himſelf in that he ſhould however find *Doriſa*, with whom he ſhould have the pleaſure of talking of their Miſtreſs, and to ask her a thouſand queſtions, which would be in lieu of ſome happineſs, when he had learn'd them: the hour at length came, that they were to go; that is to ſay, a moment after the Queen and the Marqueſs were gone from his Chamber; and having taken a Cloak as well to keep the air from him, as to be leſs known, he followed *Richard*, who conducted him to that Chamber.

Chamber. It was ſomething far for a ſick man that could hardly go; but he did not ſo much as take notice of the way, but walked after the rate of a man in health. He found no weakneſs till he was at the door: his heart began to tremble, and I believe he would not have dared to knock, if *Richard* who knew not the trouble nor the fear that there was in his Soul, had not given himſelf the trouble. It was opened to them immediately, and they found with *Doriſa* the Princeſs, who ſurprized at firſt to ſee another man with *Richard*, would have run away, but the Count ſtopped her in quitting his Cloak. Ah my Lord! What do you do? As ſoon as ſhe knew him, you kill your ſelf, and you ruin me. Theſe words did aſtoniſh in ſuch a manner the poor

Prince that he knew not what to anſwer, and caſt himſelf at her knees to ask her pardon; but the Princeſs, who apprehended extreamly to ſee him in that poſture ſince the Duel, that he fainted in her arms for the ſame ſubject, pray'd him to riſe, and afterwards commanded him to ſit down; to which that Prince obeyed without making it to be repeated, being no longer able to ſtand. *Richard* was returned for fear that if his Maſter was asked for, he might ſay he was aſleep, or that he was not to be ſpoken with. It was in that interval of time, that the Queen and *Julia* had been in the Count's Chamber, and that they had found no body there. There was only *Doriſa* in that where the Princeſs was, who ſerved as a witneſs of the ſighs of thoſe two illuſtrious Lovers.

Well:

Well : what is your deſign, Prince, ſaid *Briſeida* to him, after ſome moments of ſilence, is it thus you take care of my Honour ? Can I be here with you without bluſhing ? Do you not miſtake my eaſineſs ? What would become of me, if it came to be known that I had ſeen you in ſuch a Chamber as this ? What would not the World believe ? In truth you are not wiſe : And I am yet leſs than you, in ſtaying a moment with you. If you deſire my death, Madam, anſwered the languiſhing Lover, with an Air to raiſe pity, you need only abandon me to the cruel torment of having diſpleaſed you, my Princeſs, added he, taking one of her fair hands, which ſhe could not hinder him from kiſſing, pardon a Lover, who knows no other good

in the World than the happineſs of ſeeing you, nor other ill than the being deprived of it. I am faulty I confeſs; but who ſhall excuſe my fault, if you do not excuſe it. It is an exceſs of Love, which Love muſt juſtifie; but it is that you —— he ſtopped there for fear of ſaying too much; and the Princeſs then ſpeaking, you know well enough that you are not indifferent to me, Prince, ſaid ſhe to him, my Eyes perhaps have but too much told it you; and after what I have wrote to you, I can ſtill tell you, that I ſhould not believe my ſelf unhappy if I could hope to paſs my Life with you; but I do not ſee that Heaven prepares me ſo happy a Deſtiny, I know what I am: I know the maxims of Maids of my rank; and I ſhall follow them. I dependon a Father, and

cannot

cannot diſpoſe of my ſelf. I fear he will command me things contrary to my deſires; but I ſhall obey him notwithſtanding my inclinations. If you love honour, as I do not doubt but you do, you will not find fault with theſe ſentiments; and if you are reaſonable you will not exact from me any thing that may deſtroy them. The Count who ſaw nothing ſo juſt, as what the Princeſs told him, anſwered her like a ſubmiſſive and a reſpectful Lover. This converſation proceeded farther than I make it; but it did not laſt ſo long as the Prince would have had it. He pray'd her that at leaſt he might ſee her ſome moments, every evening while that he was ſick; but it waswhat ſhe would never grant him; and all that he could obtain after much begging, was

that he ſhould ſee her once more, and ſhe would tell him the day, after that ſhe would have him retire, being in a mortal fear both for her ſelf and him. He went gently raving on his good fortune, when two young Gentlemen he met, having viewed him hard before, did the like behind, and paſſed and repaſſed two or three times before him, inſomuch that he was upon the point of asking them what they would have, but one of the two prevented him, and taking him by the Cloak, ſtop, ſaid he, to him; ſtop, replyed the Count, not knowing the voice at firſt, and for whom; for the Queen, ſaid the other ſoftly. It is, replyed the Count, then perceiving it was ſhe her ſelf, for a too charming Princeſs, to make any reſiſtance, what does ſhe deſire of me. Thy heart, ungrateful

grateful man, thy heart, ſaid ſhe to him, drawing him into a corner to be leſs in ſight of thoſe that paſſed. She would then be much deceived, anſwered the Count, if I had none to give. Ah wretch, replyed ſhe, it is that that makes me deſperate. How, Madam, cryed the Count, pretending to be amazed. Is it you? Juſt Heavens! To what do you raiſe your ſelf! a Princeſs of your rank diſguiſed in the middle of a Pallace, expoſed to the inſults of all ſort of people —— Leave of all theſe Leſſons to me, Traytor, ſaid ſhe, interrupting him, and tell me from whence you came? You ſee, anſwered he her, that I was walking. And the Princeſs, added ſhe? The Princeſs, Madam, replyed the Count, much ſurprized at that queſtion. Yes, the Princeſs, purſued the Queen, you

ſhall tell me where you left her, or to morrow all the Court ſhall know you have had a Rendezvouz with her, You ſurprize me, Madam, replyed the Count. But as he was ſaying that, and ſpeaking low not to be underſtood by any body, they heard the ruſling of ſome Petticoats, which came the ſame way that the Count was come. The Queen would go know what it was; but he ſtopped her, apprehending it might be the Princeſs, as in effect it was, ſhe her ſelf returning with *Doriſa* to her Apartment. The more he endeavoured to retain her, the more earneſt ſhe was to go ſee who thoſe Ladies were that paſſed by; and not being able to do it, anger ſeized her: Let me go, Count, ſaid ſhe aloud to be heard by thoſe Ladies, it is very unbecoming ſuch a Prince as you to

uſe

uſe violence on a perſon of my rank: And in a word, uſing her utmoſt endeavours, the Count, who was not then the ſtrongeſt man of the World, was conſtrained to let her go, but ſhe came too late, and the Ladies whom ſhe ſought, who had perfectly known her by her voice, and who had underſtood what ſhe had ſaid, had not failed to double their pace, to get from her ſight. *Julia* who had viewed them, told her it was the Princeſs with *Doriſa*. She return'd to the Pilgrim, who made vows to Heaven, that the Queen might not diſcover the Princeſs: Well, Knight of good luck, ſaid ſhe to him, the Princeſs was not with you? You muſt tell me all, continued ſhe, or I will tell all. You can no longer conceal it from me; there is *Julia* and I, who have both known them;

them; and I will bring to morrow into great Confuſion both ſhe and you, if you do not tell me all that paſſed in your Rendezvouz. The Prince much in pain, not knowing how to get clear of this affair, prayed her the moſt earneſtly he could, not to ruin him, or at leaſt to ſpare the Princeſs: No, no, no Grace, anſwered ſhe, either for the one or the other, if you do not ſubmit your ſelf to what I condemn you: an entire confidence, purſued ſhe, of all the kindneſſes, which paſſed between you two. At length the Count was obliged to ſatisfie her; and to give ſuch an account as he judged convenient, of that interview; yet could never perſuade the Queen, but that it was a formal Rendezvouz. After which he ſaid a great many kind things to win her, for he extreamly fear-

ed

ed her Spirit, I know not what kindneſſes he did: but weak as he was apparently, his perfidy did not proceed far. They parted, becauſe that, beſides their having different ways to take, to return to their Apartments, the Queen, though diſguis'd, would not have been met with him.

During all the Night, ſhe and *Julia* did nothing but laugh at the adventures they had had that Evening; but in the end they were to think that it was the day of their departure, and then there was no joy which did not give place to the affliction the thought of that gave the fair Queen. Her Heart told her, ſhe ſhould not yet depart, and without knowing how ſhe ſhould excuſe her ſelf, nor what pretext ſhe ſhould take; ſhe felt not that grief one is ſenſible of, when upon

on the point of parting from what one loves, till that the Duke entred her Chamber much aſtoniſh'd to ſee her ſtill in Bed, and told her, that when ſhe ſhould be dreſs'd all was ready, and that they only waited for her orders. That was a mortal blow, which put an end to the joy ſhe had left; and left her nothing more to hope of the falſe predictions of her Heart, if Heaven did not concern it ſelf in it. Never was a favour ſo beg'd, as ſhe prayed for a misfortune; nay, though it ſhould have fallen upon her, provided it did not coſt her her Life, It is requiſite to love well, to make vows of that Nature: If I had the ſecret, ſaid ſhe, that certain Women have of falling when they pleaſe into accidents, which almoſt equal a fit of ſickneſs, it would ſtay me at leaſt

leaſt one day. Am I ſo unhappy that no misfortune can befall me to day, to defer my Voyage for one day? Muſt I depart for want of that? She made all theſe admirable reflections while that ſhe was a dreſſing; and ſhe was no ſooner viſible, than that the Marqueſs and the Count Palatin enter'd her Chamber, coming to render her their Devoirs. They had both prepared themſelves, to accompany her to *Rome*; and although the laſt was not well enough for ſuch a journey, and that he was ſtill ſomething weak, he hop'd, that Love which gave him the courage to undertake it, would give him ſtrength enough to perform it. The Count *de Saluces*, whom the Queen had ſeen going and coming from a Rendezvouz of the Evening before, did not believe, though he found him-

himſelf then leſs well, that he could diſpenſe himſelf from that Civility, apprehending, that if he failed, ſhe would take her revenge. The Queen, who did not altogether expect, was extreamly raviſh'd with joy to ſee him enter her Chamber; and received him, not as the others, but as the Maſter of her Heart, continually praiſing the Indulgencies, that people have for thoſe that are not well. The poor Count had the meen of a ſick man; for he was very pale that day, which made his Rivals rejoyce; becauſe that apparently he could not do as they; and he would be obliged to take his leave of the Queen for the laſt time; which he did a little time after, in teſtifying the extream regret he had, in not being able to attend her longer: She would not retain

him

him any more, as well becauſe ſhe ſaw by his Face, that in effect indeed he found himſelf ill, as that ſhe was glad to have a pretext to ſee him in private, and that ſhe was not willing to have that farewel paſs before ſo many People, who did but too much examin them. She let him then go from her Chamber, in telling aloud, not to conceal it from any body, that he ſhould go repoſe himſelf, that ſhe had ſomething to tell him in private, and that ſhe would ſee him, in his Chamber before ſhe went away. Never had the Queen been ſo long adreſſing as that day, though ſhe was leſs ſet out than uſual, travelling Habits being not like thoſe for Feaſts. She made the ſame thing be done a hundred times; and her Women had never had ſo much trouble to

dreſs

dreſs and content her in all they put on as they then had: They knew not how ſhe would be dreſſed; but that was not ſurprizing ſince ſhe knew it not her ſelf. It was neceſſary to have been in her Heart, and to ſee what paſſed there, to know that which render'd her ſo difficult, and the reaſon of ſo new a capriciouſneſs: She was to depart at ten a Clock; all was ready ſince Seven, and ſhe Din'd but at Two: The Dinner was long, though ſhe hardly eat any thing; and ſhe was after that to ſee the Count. She ſaid, ſhe had promis'd it him, and that ſhe would keep her word, and that a moment after ſhe would take Coach. She enter'd the Chamber of that Lover, having only *Juliz* with her, from whom ſhe conceal'd nothing. She look'd upon the Count, without ſpeaking

ing to him, not with that gayety, which made her turn almoſt all things into raillery, but with ſo true a grief, that her ſadneſs was ſeen painted in her Face. The Count was not ſo much ſurprized at the goodneſs ſhe had for him, to ſee her come once more, as at the Condition he ſaw her all of a ſudden in, her Eyes drowned in Tears, which ſhe endeavoured to hide with her Handkerchief; but her ſobs and ſighs diſcovered enough. He could not reſiſt that effort of tenderneſs: He had never been ſo ſenſibly touch'd for her, as he was in that occaſion. He did not then think of *Briſeida*, but embracing her Knees with a great deal of paſſion. Too Charming Princeſs, ſaid he to her, I am the moſt unhappy of all men, that I cannot love you, as much as you deſerve. I ſwear,

I wiſh to do it, and from this moment, more than ever I wiſhed. You are but too capable of cauſing perfidies; and there wants but little, that you bring not to paſs in me what you deſired. Perhaps the Count enlarged himſelf therein only to comfort her; but it made her more ſenſible. You are very cruel, ſaid ſhe to him, to have delay'd till this moment the telling me it, and to——She could not make an end; her ſobs hardly gave her liberty to expreſs ſome words. The Count doubled his tenderneſſes, and did in that moment, all that a very paſſionate Lover would have done at the farewel of a Miſtreſs. I know not if he was touch'd with all that he did, but I believe he might be, having before his Eyes ſo fair a Woman as he had, of the rank ſhe was, who loved him

paſſio-

paſſionately, who ſhed tears for the love of him, and who was going to bid him farewel; one might be at leaſt touched; and what fidelity ſoever one pretends to another, one ſhould be more criminal, in being inſenſible on that ſide, than in being a little perfideous on the other. Some moments after, as love always increaſes its Flames in the middle of ſuch tears, which the Count accompanied with ſome of his, they ſaw the Door open; the Queen trembled, fearing that it was ſome of her people that came to put her in mind; but it was *Richard*, of whom the Queen having ask'd if the Princes were ready; He anſwered, that he did not believe ſhe was to depart that day: That I do not depart, *Richard*, ſaid ſhe to him, and for what reaſon? A Courtier, Madam, anſwered

ſwered *Richard*, is newly arriv'd from *Sicily*, and all the Princes have ſent back their Coaches and their Horſes: Joy immediatly ſeiz'd the Queens Heart, without knowing however, if ſhe had reaſon to rejoyce; and quitting very tenderly the Count, to whom ſhe ſaid ſome kind things upon that delay, ſhe went her ſelf to ſee what it was, to be the better aſſured of her happineſs; and found in the way the Marqueſs and the Count Palatin, who came to tell her, that her Journey was deferred for ſome days, and that if ſhe would be pleas'd to withdraw to her Chamber, they would acquaint her with the reaſon. Theſe Ceremonies and theſe precautions, that they took to tell her this news, made her immediately apprehend; that it was ſomething Fatal they had to

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acquaint her: She chang'd Colour; ſome tears ran from her fair Eyes, which were but too much diſpos'd to ſhed them that day. The two Princes were ſenſibly moved; and having accompanied her to her Apartment, they inſenſibly learnt her the Death of the King of *Sicily*, her Husband. The deſolate Queen did hereupon perfectly do the Duty of a civil Woman, who loved her Husband. She was mortally afflicted, ſhe was two days without eating, and near fifteen in ſhedding tears true or falſe. All people were edifyed with it. The Court was all in mourning, and the Princes who before had only a deſign upon her Heart, puſhed their pretenſions much farther. The choice of a new Husband raiſed their hopes, eſpecially of the Count Palatin, who was from that time more in love with the

Queen

Queen, than he had ever been; becauſe ſhe had two or three Crowns to put upon the Head of him ſhe ſhould Marry. He now thought of nothing but what was ſolid, and immediately apply'd himſelf to the Duke of *Savoy*, whom he very well knew; to be the very firſt reaſons which was to ſet that affair agoing: There was not one thing he did not employ to engage him in his Intereſts. As *Lewis* of *Savoy*, was a Prince of a civil and ſweet Nature, it was eaſie for him to gain his friendſhip; and it was in a few days the greateſt imaginable. The Count *de Saluces*, whom the Queen expected the firſt day of her affliction to comfort her, as the only perſon capable to do it, found himſelf too ill to render her that office, & the ſecond too much out of humour, to dare to undertake it. The Princeſs accuſed him of perfidy,

ſidy, partly grounded upon that adventure with the Queen, who, the night before, had found him coming out of that Chamber, where their interview had been, that it was not poſſible, ſaid ſhe, but that they had correſpondence together. After which, why ſhould he ſtay with her in ſuch a place as that, in a dark night, and in that occaſion why ſhould he retain her, if ſhe would go away? And from whence proceeded the violence of which ſhe complained againſt him? Beſides all thoſe reaſons, there were ſtill theſe, which would have been nothing at another time: as the viſit which he had rendred in the morning, and which he might have excuſed himſelf from, ſince he had not yet appeared in publick: and moreover, that which he had received from the Queen,

who, if ſhe had not been well treated by him the evening before, would not have alſo made that ſtop. In a word, ſhe believed to have the greateſt reaſon imaginable to be angry with him; if we can be ſo with the perſon we love; to treat him as an ungrateful man, as a Traytor: inſomuch that ſhe forbid *Doriſa* to go to the Rendezvous, nay, and to take any Letter from *Richard's* hands: Yet as the anger of Lovers laſts little longer than four and twenty hours, or at leaſt that it ought not to laſt longer, the ſecond day ſhe was ſomething appeaſed, and the third ſhe let her ſelf be ſeen in the ſame Chamber to the Count *de Saluces*. There was clearing the buſineſs, and explications, the peace was made, and more love than ever. That happy Lover, before parting, asked

ed her if he might not ſee the Queen, to render her his devoirs upon the death of her Husband. The Princeſs permitted him to do it; but told him preciſely the hour he was to go thither; becauſe ſhe would likewiſe be there to be a witneſs of it. She began to be a little more jealous; becauſe ſhe began ſomething more to love him. The Queen had neither now the reaſon of Virtue nor of Modeſty, which could hinder from loving or being beloved by him, and having with the Charms ſhe had wherewith to tempt the moſt faithful of all Lovers, who had had a little ambition for the Scepter, ſhe would manage him a little more than ſhe had done. He went the third day to the Queen to acquit himſelf of the Funeral Complements he owed her, and found there the

Princeſs. His viſit was ſhort; and in that he pleaſed them both: the afflicted, becauſe it was no pleaſure to her to ſee him when the Princeſs was with her; this, becauſe ſhe was jealous, and that the fair Queen appeared to her to have ſomething ſo charming in that Mourning Pomp, and ſomething ſo tender in her Tears, that ſhe every moment feared to loſe him. The Queen, who believed he only retired ſo ſoon by reaſon of *Briſeida*, expected to ſee him return the next day; but that did not now depend on him, and that Princeſs taking ſince ſome days a perfect Empire over his conduct, that abſolute Miſtreſſes are uſed to take over ſubmiſſive Lovers, would otherwiſe regulate his Viſits; ſhe pretended he ſhould not go there ſo often; but only when his Devoir and not Love,

Love, ſhould oblige him to ſee her, and that he could not diſpenſe it. Inſomuch that he was ſome days without appearing at the Queens, although he went and walked abroad. At which the Duke being one of the firſt that took notice of it, being much ſurprized, knew not what to attribute it to; and one evening as he returned from the Queens, finding him going out of his Chamber, is it thus, ſaid he to him, that you abandon your beſt Friends, when they have the moſt need of you; and without coming to a greater explication, of a ſudden changing diſcourſe, he himſelf led him to his Siſters Apartment. He knew, that if any one was capable of contribuing ſomething towards the diverting that great ſadneſs in which ſhe was plunged, it was

certainly that Prince, for whom ſhe had a great deal of eſteem, and whoſe Wit was of the ſtamp ſhe liked. See here, ſaid he in entring, a man, Madam, who ſeems to fly Us; becauſe We are in affliction; I come from reproaching him. It is true, anſwered ſhe with a very languiſhing tone, that nothing has ſo much ſurprized me as the indifference of the Count *de Saluces*, in a time when very Enemies reconcile themſelves with their Enemies. One might dye for grief & he not ſo much as give himſelf the trouble of ſpeaking to Us one word of comfort. I ſhare yours too deeply, anſwered the Count, to be able —— there is great ſign of it, interrupted ſhe, and you are an incomparable man as to the ſenſe you have of other peoples ſufferings. The

Duke

Duke having paſſed all that afternoon with the Queen, and had only returned to bring thither the Count *de Saluces*, he retired a moment after he had ſeen them engaged in a particular converſation, but the misfortune was, that that day was a day of aſſignation for that Lover, and he was going to the Chamber of Rendezvous when the Duke met him; inſomuch that notwithſtanding all the efforts he uſed to diſſemble his ill humour, he appeared terrible uneaſie to the Queen, who asked him two or three times, what ailed him, that he was not as he uſed to be; at firſt he excuſed himſelf; but at laſt, the neceſſity there was of leaving her, extreamly preſſing him, he told her, he was not very well that Evening; and that he believed it might be cauſed by

his riding that day. That excuſe good or ill had its effect, and the Queen loving his health more than her pleaſure; ſent him back, for, ſaid ſhe to him, I am alſo too much diſpleaſed with you, to tell you any thing of what I have to communicate to you; but you would do well, added ſhe, to return to morrow, and do not fail; becauſe what I have to ſay to you is of the greateſt conſequence; and I have occaſion for ſuch a diſintereſted Friend as you. The Count who would have promiſed her all things to be at liberty that Evening, engaged himſelf very willingly to return the next day; and went directly to the Princeſs, who was already weary with expecting him, ; and who made him ſome obliging complaints at his arrival. The Count quickly found pretexts to colour

that

that little delay which he did not take from the Viſit he had juſt made.

The day after he was long diſputing what he ſhould do. He had not told the Princeſs he was to go ſee the Queen ; it was difficult for him to ſee her, without her knowing it: and yet he could not excuſe himſelf, ſince he had promiſed it: yet to make him abſolutely reſolve of it, it was requiſite, he ſhould receive this Letter which ſhe ſent him.

When one has Affairs of conſequence to communicate to Friends, it is requiſite not to be troubled with any body; wherefore come at nine a Clock in the Evening; I ſhall be alone with Julia, *and ſhall have all neceſſary liberty, to ask you your ſentiment upon the happineſs of my Life.*

The Count after this Letter

did not believe he could diſpence himſelf; and as it is natural enough to be willing to penetrate at firſt into what the Queen had a deſire to diſcourſe with him of, he imagined a thouſand things without being able however to hit the truth. At length the hour came; and he went to her, with his mind ſomething more calm than the Evening before: and ſhe likewiſe for her part ſomething leſs ſad than ſhe had yet been. She was lying upon a Bed and bid him take a Cuſhion near her. There was a little Prologue of Gallantry and kindneſs, after which the Queen taking an Air ſomething more ſerious, told him very low not to be heard by *Julia*, that two days before, the Duke her Brother in the midſt of her Tears, and ſtill filled with Griefs and Affliction,

in

in the neceſſity the affairs of her State was, had let her know of what importance it was both for her glory and the good of her Subjects, that ſhe ſhould think betimes of making a King; that the Almighty ſufficiently diſpenſed her from the ordinary Cuſtoms; that ſhe would ruin her affairs, in deferring two or three months longer to make her choice; and that it was not too much time to think as was requiſite of making a King, who ſhould be worthy of being ſo; but that the different Intereſts of State, obliged her to refuſe ſeveral; and that ſhe ought to examine them well, before ſhe undertook any thing; becauſe that without doubt in receiving the Compliments that all the Potentates in *Europe* were going to make her, ſhe would alſo quickly receive propoſitions

from

from thoſe who might aſpire to marry her. That it was for her the moſt important of all her affairs, to which ſhe ought to apply all her Wit, and to make uſe of all the lights of her penetration. She made him a diſcourſe yet much longer than I make it, leſt I ſhould tire the Reader, and at laſt concluded, that knowing him a Prince of Conduct, of Virtue and of Judgment, who perfectly knew States and Princes, who then reigned, and what was more was, the beſt of her Friends, who only conſidered the good of her affairs; ſhe was willing to conſult him and only him: that ſhe gave him eight days to think of it, becauſe the ſubject required as much; but that during that time he ſpoke to her of no buſineſs, becauſe her mind was ſtill ſo poſſeſſed with her misfortune,

that

that ſhe had more need of diverting it, than imploying it in Affairs, which in a time more proper to think of, than that was, would have ſufficiently perplexed her, to have occaſion for the counſel of ſuch a Friend as he. The Count after having amply thanked her for her goodneſs, and for the good opinion ſhe had of him, fell to reaſon upon Affairs of State,& of Policy, not to let the Queen ſee that ſhe was not deceived in the judgment ſhe had made of him; but to anſwer to the good ſentiments ſhe had of his probity, and to begin to ſpeak to her like a true Friend as ſhe treated him. Yet it was always in general, without ever deſcending to particulars: for beſides that ſhe ſhunned it, and that it was not yet the time, it was enough that ſhe had told him, that he muſt examine eight days that Affair, and that afterwards ſhe would ſee what reſolution to take. That converſation ended as it begun. That is to ſay, they left for ſome little time Affairs of State, to treat of thoſe of the Heart. After which the Count retired.

The

The eight days paſſed; during which, that Prince having ſeen the Queen ſeveral times, they had no Conference together, but of Gallantry, as they had agreed: it is true, that the Count's was only complaiſance; but that complaiſance paſſed in the Queens mind for Love, if not paſſionate, at leaſt tender. He appeared content, and in good humour, whereever he was; becauſe his affairs went well with *Briſeida*; and that that Princeſs with her pride and haughtineſs, loved him as much as one could love a Lover. The Counſel-day at length came, the hour was taken, as well as the day when the Propoſition was made. He went thither with the Head of a Miniſter of State, all filled with Affairs upon which he was prepared. The Queen made him enter with her into a Cabinet, where there was only they two, and giving him an entire Audience, he acted the part of a man, who ſeemed to be a compleat Stateſman, and who had paſſed all his Life in the Cabinets of Princes; all the different motives which could oblige her

her to receive the Alliances of ſome, and refuſe thoſe of others; all that diſcourſe was fine and well argued: the Queen admired it; but ſhe found not in it what ſhe deſired, nor what ſhe had hoped. There were but few Princes in *Europe* who could pretend to the happineſs of marrying her, of whom he had not ſpoken, except the Count Palatine; as for the Marqueſs he was looked upon as a piece out of uſe, when the Queen looking fixedly upon him, you do not ſpeak to me, ſaid ſhe to him, of the Count Palatine: The Count bluſhed at thoſe words; and the Queen interpreting that bluſh after her manner, attributed it to his Love, and without giving him time to anſwer; I make you that queſtion, ſaid ſhe to him, without deſign and only out of raillery. It is a Prince, who, though it were for the good of my Affairs, he would not be the inclination of my heart; and it is that I ſeek. You have very well examined, Count, purſued ſhe, the ſubject in queſtion, no body could give better light into Cabinet Affairs; but you have

not

not yet found what I want. You have only thought of my Dominions, without conſidering me in particular. Your Wit has laboured to render my Subjects happy, and you have left me unfortunate. Was it neceſſary, continued ſhe, viewing him with a tender Air, to go ſo far to forget me? Could not you find ſome Prince, who joyns to thoſe high qualities, which render him worthy of a Crown, that which pleaſes, that which touches, that in a word which makes the happineſs of Life? Ah Count! how little able are you! have I given you eight days only to let me ſee all the inſight you have into Affairs of State, and nothing from your heart. How little you merit the eſteem one has for you; and raiſing your ſelf by your Wit above all other men, you are ſo much below them in what concerns Love. The Count anſwered, that his Heart as well as his Wit, had ſpoken to her in all he had ſaid, & that it had been his belief that the Intereſts of her Subjects, and her own were the ſame thing, and that it was certain that his

advices

advices were from a real Friend. Yes, replyed ſhe, but not from a real Lover. The Count, much ſurprized with all theſe obliging reproaches, was extreamly perplexed how to anſwer her; not without being a perſon, ſaid he to her, of an equal rank with yours. Alas! What is Rank, anſwered ſhe, with a little bluſh, which came into her Face, becauſe ſhe ſaw he began to underſtand her, there is ſo little difference, continued ſhe, between Prince and Prince, that when one has Crowns to give, it is merit, that is to have the better, and when Love unites two Hearts, he knows how to render them equal. Why did I only conſult you, but becauſe I would only follow my inclination? You know, added ſhe ſighing, and then ſtopping a moment; that it is for you, purſued ſhe, to ſpeak. I but too well underſtand, Madam, replyed the Count, the meaning of the obliging diſcourſe you make me; but I know my ſelf too well to abuſe it. That exceſs of goodneſs loads me with glory, and at the ſame time kills me with confuſion. I am a young Prince, Madam, little capable

of

of easing you in so heavy a burden, a Prince, I say, of whom the choice would be but little approved by your Relations and your Friends: whose rank is much inferiour to yours, and Estate little comparable to those of so great a Queen; In fine, Does it become Love, Count, interrupted she, to seek for reasons to yield up all that one Loves? Do you not deserve to persuade me. No, no, added she, I will do for you more than you do. You merit a Crown; and I will — Ah Madam, said the Count to her, interrupting her, you also know — What! do I know? replyed she, seeing he did not make an end. The Princess, pursued he, and said no more. The Queen did not immediately make answer; because all her Senses were troubled at that name, but a moment after, the tears running in great torrents from her Eyes; Go cruel, said she to him, rising up, go ungrateful man, go to the Princess & contemn a Heart and a Crown, that I would give thee: and leaving him all alone in the Cabinet, she retired into another, from whence a little time after, coming out,

she

ſhe asked *Julia* what was become of the Count, who anſwered her, that he was gone away very pale and ſad. Come, ſaid the Queen, come, my dear *Julia*, go with me to find him. Both my honour and my life are concerned in it. I muſt needs ſpeak with him once more. They went to the Count's Apartment, where not finding him, the paſſionate Queen did not doubt but that he was with the Princeſs; and jealouſie joyned with ſhame, vexation, and all the cruel paſſions there is in a deſpiſed Love, did ſo diſturb her, that ſhe was not capable of any reaſon. She would go ſee where he was, ſeek for him where ſhe found him the laſt time, when meeting the Marqueſs who was much ſurpriz'd to ſee her, he ſaid to her, how here at this hour, Madam, in the middle of the Palace? I am ſeeking, anſwered ſhe, tranſported with choler, the Count *de Saluces* who is with the Princeſs. The Count *de Saluces* with my Daughter, replyed the Marqueſs, all in a fury at that news. The Queen, who had no ſooner let that word eſcape, but that ſhe repented, and would tell him no more;

and

and quitting him very haſtily, ſhe returned immediately to her Apartment, from whence ſhe ſent word to *Richard* to give notice to the Count to take care of himſelf. But it was a little too late; for the furious Marqueſs, who was but too much diſpoſed to revenge againſt that Prince, believing by what the Queen had told him, whom he had found in too much pain, to doubt from what ſhe had ſaid to him, that the Count *de Saluces* diſhonoured his houſe, ran to his Daughters Apartment, who was not to be found there, from thence to the Count's, where there was only *Richard*. In fine he made ſuch ſearch through all the Palace, that the two poor Lovers were found together with *Doriſa*. The Marqueſs had given order that if they found the Count with his Daughter to take him alive or dead. He that had received that Commiſſion, executed it with eaſe, becauſe the Count not diſtruſting any thing, opened the Chamber door, at the ſecond time they knocked, thinking it was *Richard*, and ſeeing himſelf ſeized on a ſudden, he had hardly the

leiſure

leiſure to put his hand to a Ponyard, which was the only Arms he had then with him, and with which he wounded two or three; but the number being too great to reſiſt them, and wanting ſtrength more than courage, he was carryed into the Fort of the Caſtle, where a moment after he had his Head cut off. The poor Princeſs more dead than alive, not knowing whither to fly for refuge, nor what reſolution to take, by good luck found *Richard*, who came to the ſuccours of his Maſter. Ah *Richard*, ſaid ſhe to him, we are ruin'd, he is taken, let us get from hence; for my Fathers fury is going to fall all upon me. *Richard* who believed he ſhould render a good ſervice to his Maſter, and that it would be the means of bringing the Marqueſs to reaſon, to make ſure of his Daughter, propoſed to the Princeſs to carry her to the Marqueſs *de Saluces*, while that all the Palace was in diſorder, and that the night was favourable to them. The Princeſs did not balance; provided ſhe was delivered from her Fathers preſence, whoſe fury ſhe knew; ſhe was for undertaking

dertaking all things. Inſomuch that without reaſoning any longer, he led her and *Doriſa* to his Maſters Stable which was behind the Palace, and having cauſed the beſt Horſes there to be Sadled, they took two Servants with them, and got to the Port. The Princeſs had here occaſion for all her boldneſs, to cauſe it to be opened; ſhe asked to ſpeak with the Officer; but there being none but under Officers they durſt not refuſe her; inſomuch that they let down the Bridge and they went out. The Marqueſs *de Saluces* paſſed one part of the year in a Caſtle he had thirty or forty Miles from *Caral*, being a place very delicious and very agreeable in the Summer. It was thither that *Richard*, knowing that he was there, carryed *Briſeida*. That Prince charmed with the arrival of ſo fair a Princeſs, did her all the honour poſſible; and ſhe had no ſooner made to him a recital of her Hiſtory, than that he ſent a Courrier to the Marqueſs of *Montferrat*, and in the mean time arming all the People he had about him, for fear of being ſurprized, he ſent Orders to the Officers

Officers of moſt of the neighbouring places, to come range themſelvs about him, with their Troops. To the end that if the Marqueſs of *Montferrat* would not come to reaſon, but ſhould act ſome violence on his Son, he might force him to it by Arms, in going to attack him in his own Territories. But what a deſolation at the return of that Courrier, who brought the fatal news of the unhappy Count *de Saluces*. The Reader will permit me to draw a Curtain before the grief, or rather the deſpair of that unfortunate father, who had only that dear Son, the delights and love of his Heart, as well as the Heir of his Dominions. *Briſeida*, a thouſand times more happy than he in her affliction, dyed for grief the ſame day in pronouncing the Counts Name.

I ſhould have been glad for the Readers pleaſure, that my Heroes had not had ſo fatal and ſo Tragical an end; but in that particular I could not diſpence my ſelf from being a faithful Hiſtorian. The Queen had no ſooner learned the horrible action of the Marqueſs, and the unhappy

end

end of her dear Count, of which ſhe was the cauſe, than that ſuffering her ſelf to be hurryed to all that fury can make a Woman ſay in ſuch an occaſion, ſhe vented it upon the Marqueſs, to whoſe Apartment ſhe went upon the rumour the Count *de Saluce*'s Death cauſed in all the Palace. She fainted away ſeveral times, and never Lover was ſo tranſported with that paſſion as that fair Queen was. She would not ſo much as paſs that night at *Caral*, and departed with her Brother, who was afflicted mortally, at the Deſtiny of that poor Prince. The Count Palatine likewiſe followed them. Some time after he marryed the Queen of *Sicily*; but it was upon condition, he would range himſelf on the Marqueſs *de Saluces* ſide, who had already made terrible incurſions into the State of *Montferrat*, to revenge the Death of his Son. That War laſted ſeveral years, and was not terminated, but by the Death of the two Princes, and the loſs of their Territories, which fell to other Families.

FINIS.

THE

Rival Princeſſes:

OR, THE

Colchian Court:

A

NOVEL.

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